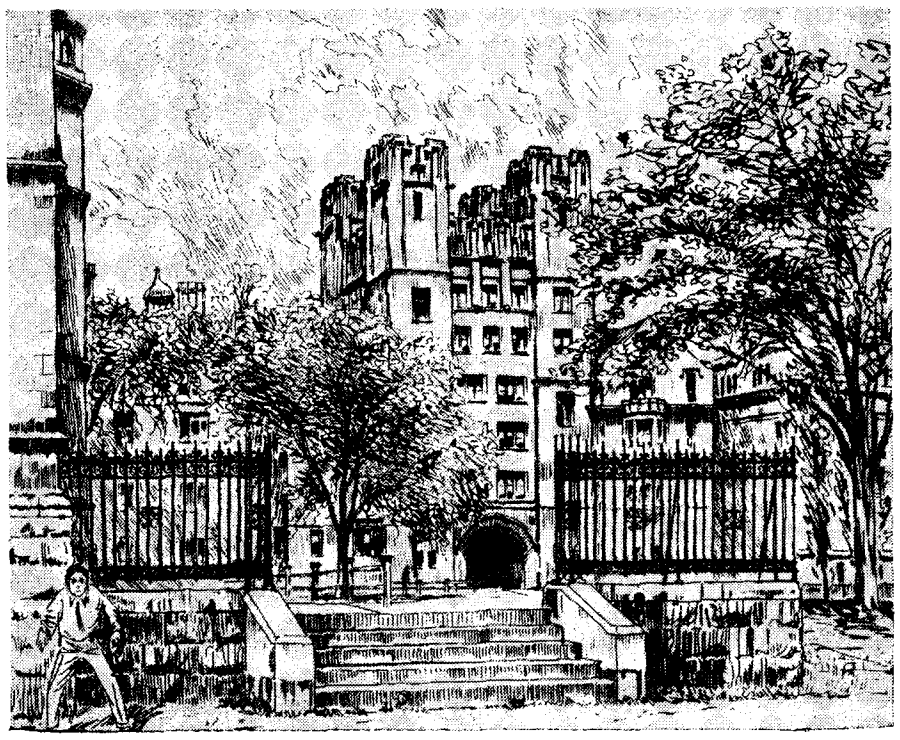
TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IX | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1933 | NUMBER 41



VANDERBILT SHEFF—YALE UNIVERSITY
Courtesy of the Sunwise Turn

William Lyon Phelps

WE accept the Spenglerian dictum that every institution and every state of mind in a given era is subtly harmonious with the Zeitgeist, yet with this reservation, that there is no such thing as contemporaneity since, choose your date as you please, there will be alive and practising individuals whose vitality belongs with the near past or the possible future. George Bernard Shaw was born in 1856, while Rudyard Kipling (already a figure of literary history) dates from 1865. Nor is this criticism, direct or implied, since who shall say that the line from past to future is a line of progress?

Only by such an observation from a masthead decades high is it possible to estimate the services to literature of such a man as William Lyon Phelps, who retires this year after forty-one years as a teacher of English at Yale and lecturer at large to America on literary inspiration.

Not the man, but his reputation, has annoyed the younger generation, who have seen in him an institution to be attacked with other institutions of an era that they did not create, and have begrudged the success of his vehement championing of Victorian ideals among the bourgeoisie. They accuse him of being the preacher of literature, not its prophet, and certainly not its interpreter except in terms of a morality and a sentiment and a humor which they regard as outmoded. They charge him with holding back by sheer force of his personality his audience from the reality which the true literature of the time might give them. They cite him as an example of individualism unchecked by intellectual responsibility.

"I wol not han to do of swich matere" as Chaucer said of predestination in his story of the cock and the hen. Institutions, like "Billy" Phelps, are especially vulnerable at the end of an era, and the criticism passed upon them then is particularly unreliable. It is sure to be either an overstatement or an understatement, and is most likely to miss the true point of the comparison.

What is urgent when a rich and influential career approaches fruition is to hasten to set down what makes it memorable. Success and the reasons for success are often not significant, since no man is remembered for his success with his contemporaries unless that triumph has some vigorous issue approved by history. We are judged by our fire and not by our wide billowing smoke.

And so judged Professor Phelps is sure of a place of real significance in the cultural history of the transition between the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries. He put his first mark upon the colleges at the moment when the genteel tradition of literary culture had lost its force with the death of the by no means inconsiderable personalities that upheld it, at the moment when would-be scientists were invading the flowery meadows of literary appreciation and draining literature of its humanity in order to make it measurable. Facts were dominant; the easy good fellowship of a Lowell was held up to scorn; the inaccuracy of a Gosse was used to disparage critcism altogether; and the methods of scientific research were recommended to young instructors about to introduce Freshmen to Tennyson and Browning. The corrective was valuable, but the baby was thrown out with the bath.

Into this arena where thousands of

(*Continued on page 558*)

The Reminder

By LEONIE ADAMS

THE night has swept in vain
Upon a sleepless eye,
And pressed to the black pane
The brilliance of its sky,
The winter moon blown high
And the starred cloudy train.

They have passed me glittering,
And I heard tone for tone
Of the cold midnight ring,
With will that churned alone
And sight hung bleak as stone
On what the heart could bring.

Till now the night wears thin,
A roof leans out awry,
The cocks and wheels begin;
And from past morning-ery
Some lone, some gentle eye,
Some far eye looks in.

*Outcasts of Depression**

By BEULAH AMIDON

A DOZEN years ago, another, less serious depression, offered us valuable lessons. The texts are still to be found, gathering dust on library shelves. The experts who made up the President's Unemployment conference, the sociologists, economists, and various civic groups in their surveys and reports drove home the need for planned public works to help take up the slack when private enterprise sags; for an adequate system of free public employment offices to cut down the time and energy wasted in getting employer and unemployed together; for reliable, current statistics on employment and unemployment, clearly set forth and widely distributed, for a scheme of unemployment insurance to help tide the worker and his dependents over wageless periods without serious break in family health and standard of living. That was not a long nor a deep depression, as depressions go, and in its wake came the surge and thunder of the Great Prosperity.

The storm clouds of unemployment had begun to roll up months before October, 1929. But the crash, when it came, found us as unprepared as we were in 1921; or in 1893, for that matter, or in 1873. The 1921-2 reports and programs were already dusty. None of the lessons conned then had been applied. Now, as we drag through the sodden April of our fourth depression winter, we are still asking, in increasing volume but with undiminished bewilderment, What is our unemployment problem? What can we do about it?

There is the immediate, obvious relief job. In England they call it the dole. We call it public welfare or charity. The name is unimportant. The fact is the vast total of money and effort expended to feed, clothe, shelter the jobless man and his family for the duration of the emergency. As the wage earners have spent their savings, cashed in their insurance policies, had their mortgages foreclosed, exhausted their credit, they have been forced, in mounting numbers, to "go to the charities."

We have been urged to "Give Till It Hurts." We have been reminded that "Sharing Doesn't Hurt Like Suffering." We have been spurred on with exhortations to "See It Through." Voluntarily or under compulsion from the boss," who is determined to "make a hundred percent showing," we have built up private relief funds. We have tried not to flinch as we faced increased taxes and special bond issues to continue public relief. But do our vast relief mechanisms actually operate toward the solution of unemployment? Even when the problem is stated not in long-range social and economic terms but in terms of the individual experience of this family and that who are being "carried" by public or private agencies, are we "solving" unemployment? A sociologist and relief worker, James M. Williams of Hobart College, bids us consider "The Human Aspects of Unemployment and Relief," using the material he gathered "in an investigation of unemployment and welfare practices in five cities of New York." The survey, begun in the spring of 1931, was carried into last summer. Here is a picture, first, of what unemployment and organized relief are doing to individuals and to families. The chapter headings themselves are danger signals: Homes Destroyed; Health Impaired; Nerves Shaken; Morale Tottering; Sex Attitudes and Practices; Delinquency. The sociologist's summary of his findings is documented with stories of men and women and children, particularly children, for it is with them that all thoughtful observers of the current scene are most concerned. They are stark, compressed little case histories, not very deftly told. But the writer carries conviction, as Dreiser does, by patient, if laborious, sincerity, and detail.

Searing as they are, his pictures of human misery are less painful than his pictures of society ministering to the hungry and disheartened. The facts are not unfamiliar. We have glimpsed them in the experiences of acquaintances, friends, neighbors. We have come upon them in the press. Here are the people who have applied again and again for help, only to be put off by an overburdened or indifferent staff with promises of "investigation." Here is the hard-boiled administrator. "One public welfare official, when asked for relief on the ground that the woman was an expectant mother, would reply, 'But I am not responsible for your having a baby.'" Here is "political influence":

> For instance, in one city the commissioner was compelled by politicians to give grocery orders on stores on an "eli-

* THE HUMAN ASPECTS OF UNEMPLOYMENT AND RELIEF. By JAMES M. WILLIAMS. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina. 1933.

MACHINE AGE IN THE HILLS. By MALCOLM ROSS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $2.

STANDARDS OF UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE. By PAUL H. DOUGLAS. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1933. $3.

JOB INSURANCE. By JOHN B. EWING. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1933.

BALANCED EMPLOYMENT. By LEE SHERMAN CHADWICK. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $2.

PROGRESSIVE SOCIAL ACTION. By EDWARD T. DEVINE. The same. $1.75.

This Week

"ST. AUGUSTINE."
Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

"THE LAND OF PROMISE."
Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL.

"CHINESE GORDON."
Reviewed by CHARLES ROLAND.

"THE VICTORIAN SUNSET."
Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN.

"IVAN THE TERRIBLE."
Reviewed by WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN.

"DEATH IN THE WOODS."
Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

"HELENE."
Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD.

"THE A B C OF WAR DEBTS."
Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD.

"JOE BAILEY."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"THE MARCH OF DEMOCRACY."
Reviewed by SIDNEY K. MITCHELL.

NOTES WITH A YELLOW PEN.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

PULITZER PRIZE SUGGESTIONS.

Next Week, or Later

THE POETRY OF EZRA POUND.
By T. C. WILSON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gible list." . . . He had to bow to it because he got his appointment as the gift of the party in power. Consequently he must issue orders on the designated stores, even if the recipient of the order must pass a store where she could get a sack of flour for much less than at the store on which her order was issued. . . . A mother who was told by the public health nurse that she must provide vegetables for her children replied that the store which her order was on did not sell them. She would have to take dried herring instead.

Here are incompetent officials, friction between public and private agencies, archaic "poor relief" laws, relief administrations hastily cobbled under the pressure of the emergency, inadequate supervision, lack of system, too much system, ballyhoo.

But this writer is not a muckraker, primarily interested in "lifting the lid." His book is a carefully documented statement of his own belief that unemployment is a *symptom*—the real problem lies deeper. Speaking of the effect of the depression on family case workers, nurses, visiting teachers, clinical and court workers, he says, "These people have come to realize the paramount importance of industrial conditions." He adds, "The outstanding attitude at the moment is an emphasis on the necessity of greater economic security. . . . They feel that . . . case work unaccompanied by concern for our social and economic structure is largely futile."

THE UNEMPLOYED, by Robert Minor
From a cartoon which originally appeared in *The Daily Worker*.

But when one turns from the unemployed to "our social and economic structure" it is to confront the noise and confusion, the failures and possibilities of the Machine Age. We have a convenient test tube in which to look at one industry's impact on individual and community life in the recent "Machine Age in the Hills," by Malcolm Ross. Here we see the meagre, indolent, happy-go-lucky little communities, pocketed in the "hollers" of the West Virginia and Kentucky mountains, where, less than a generation ago, people lived by hunting and crude agriculture and amused themselves with "singin' games," camp meetings, feuds, and moonshine. With the development of bituminous mining, these mountaineers left their scattered log cabins for the grimy "camps" that sprang up around the tipples. Since the turn of the century, their fortunes have gone up and down (never far up and now very far down) with the fluctuations of an exploited, over-expanded, and now stagnant industry. Mine owner and mine worker, this competent reporter shows us, were almost equally blind and helpless victims of industrial change. The hillmen were too ignorant to understand or to try to guide the Machine Age as it rolled over their countryside. The mine owners were too short-sighted or too selfish to think for the industry as a whole or for the community. Owners and workers alike danced to the fiddles of prosperity, and both groups are paying in the bitter coin of deflation. The miners, having less, are losing everything. Eviction, hunger, cold, disease—the jobless workers in their wretched shacks or scarcely more wretched tent colonies are pushed so far down that it is ridiculous to speak of their "standard of living." There are perhaps a half million of them. If and when business "revives," some of the mines will reopen. But more mines were in operation than were needed to supply the peak demand; other fuels are competing today with soft coal; machines are ready to do much of the work once done with pick and shovel. For tens of thousands of the idle miners even "good times" will not bring mine jobs. What is to become of them—the men themselves with their one skill and their meagre education and training? Of their wives and their swarming children?

The thread of hope through this book is the story of the Quakers, who have been feeding the hungry hill children as they fed the children of war-famished Germany and Russia. In a situation that can by no stretch of optimism be called "temporary" the Quakers have gone on from relief to experiments in rehabilitation. Through their practical Christianity they are discovering many lines along which we might work if we tackled the problem of the mines. But, Mr. Ross reminds us, "The job is too big for private charity. . . . It is a broad scale problem where the motive should be the reëstablishment of workers on a self-reliant basis. Any other approach is degrading."

Here is the essential fact to be learned from the ugly and dangerous reactions in this test-tube study of Machine Age unemployment: the unemployment itself is not the real problem—it is one symptom of deep-seated economic sickness.

We know that there are some things that can be done to lessen and mitigate unemployment itself. The new Secretary of Labor has promised us an effective public employment service as soon as the necessary legislation is passed by Congress. Frances Perkins's record as New York Industrial Commissioner, as well as her whirlwind attack on her present job, lead one to believe that the promise will be kept. Twenty-three state legislatures have before them public unemployment insurance legislation which would give the displaced worker at least a grub stake for the wageless period. Among the experts who accept the principle of compulsory unemployment insurance, following the pattern of workmen's compensation for another industrial hazard, there are differences of opinion as to method and procedure. In Standards of Unemployment Insurance, Paul H. Douglas reviews "the case for insurance," and sets forth what, in his view, a standard law should cover, how it should be drawn, the conditions under which benefits should be paid. Professor Douglas himself obviously leans toward "the Ohio plan" which emphasizes the maximum security for the worker, as against the "Wisconsin plan," framed to stimulate stabilization of industrial enterprise and hence of work and wages by the individual employer. The two trends are analyzed in detail in "Job Insurance," by John B. Ewing.

With an organized labor market and unemployment insurance, a scheme of relief—adequate, flexible, and ably administered—would be a third line of defense for the jobless worker.

But with all this we have not gone deeper than the symptom. What causes unemployment? Why on one side of the picture do we have our bursting granaries and warehouses, laden shelves in retail stores, producers of raw materials, and factory owners and operators pleading for a market—and at the other side of the picture men, women, and children in dire need of food, clothing, shelter, books, movies, medical care: all the goods of our modern civilization?

There are prophets among us preaching salvation by formula. Believe in Socialism, or Communism, or Fascism, they entreat us, each according to his creed, and you shall be saved. Scarcely less remote and hopeful are the many and intricate "plans" put forward without political label, but promising a clear and direct "way out." They pile up by the dozen on editorial and legislative desks. Few of them deal realistically with the present state of the nation or of human nature. "Balanced Employment," by Lee Sherman Chadwick, is a fair example. It rests, as do most of them, on an over-simplified statement of our social and economic structure. This writer, described on the book jacket as president of the Perfection Stove Company of Cleveland, sets out "to explain in simple words that are understandable to all, a few of the simple basic laws under which we live and also clearly to show just why it is necessary to improve our economic laws at the same time that we expand our standard of daily life." At the best one can say that his superficial thinking does no harm; all too often it clouds the real issues.

Today many intelligent observers see the present situation as "capitalism's last stand." They point to the growing army of the unemployed, the mounting total of public and private debt, archaic and corrupt political institutions, international distrust, the slowing down of production, our clogged distribution. They say, and *there is much to support their reasoning*, that we have come to the end of this road, that when we go forward again it will be with a new goal and in a new direction.

In "Progressive Social Action," Edward T. Devine submits that the malady, of which unemployment is the most painful symptom, is not incurable. As a disaster relief worker, Dr. Devine tackled such emergencies as the San Francisco earthquake, the Dayton flood of 1913, the Russian famine. He is used to weathering storms. His faith in democracy is unshaken by this depression. He holds that the responsibilities of world citizenship and of "economic citizenship" cannot be discharged in a planless society. He advocates increased social control.

The most interesting section of his book includes the chapters in which he applies his concept to three persistent problems, poverty, disease, and crime. In the end, Dr. Devine finds that to deal with these three problems our paramount need is for better educated and hence more capable, intelligent, and socially-minded citizens.

But, after all, isn't this only saying that if we were as wise as we ought to be, there would have been neither World War nor depression? Between ten and fifteeen million men and women in this country who have training, ability, or experience to offer, who are eager to work, are unable to find jobs. Have we solved our problem and theirs by pointing out the need for good (that is, competent and informed) citizens and defining the social ideals toward which we would have them direct their energies?

More and more we are coming to see that "good citizenship" in this sense is the result as well as the cause of what we rather clumsily term social progress. Wholesome surroundings, creative educational experience, security, hope — these certainly are factors in the environment out of which we may look for strong and intelligent citizens. And, in a beneficent circle, such citizens enrich their environment. On the other hand, dirt, disease, ignorance, insecurity, fear, mass education, despair are the breeders of weak incompetents who play their part in a vicious circle of debased standards that produce inferior personalities. Underlying these rather obvious generalizations are insistent challenges to our clear thinking, courage, and common sense. Can we face and deal with such urgent realities as the unequal distribution of wealth, the crushing capital structure of industry which has been "promoted" rather than planned, political corruption, the vast horse-power of the Machine Age harnessed to production for private profit rather than for use? Here, not in relief or even in insurance legislation, effective employment service, public works planning, lies the only final answer to the problem of unemployment.

Beulah Amidon is an associate editor of the Survey Graphic.

William Lyon Phelps

(*Continued from preceding page*)

youths were getting their first adult introduction to literature, Phelps came as a portent. In those days (which still persist in many a university) the new science of literary history had let drop somewhere the cardinal fact that literature is human, *is personal expression, is alive, or is not* literature. There was a numbness as of something atrophied in professorial chairs. There was laborious teaching that was perfunctory teaching because the professor had violated a philosophic principle in presenting life as inert matter, categorizing, with a skill and knowledge which his predecessors had not possessed, a substance which eluded his categories and left him to present a frame or a formula which was logically sound but emotionally inadequate.

By happy instinct Phelps, in those early years, chose for his preaching two chapters from the great Bible of literature in which his genius for appreciation and his faculty for enthusiasm could have most effective play. He lectured upon the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists, those Englishmen in whom life ran like a flooded mill stream, and perhaps overestimating their importance, yet thrilled his hearers with the sense that literature was life intensified. No student entered those lectures and came out by the same door wherein he went. He chose also for his special field, the novel, the novel despised as a vulgar art in the universities, not examinable, not worthy of scholarship, not sufficiently dignified to be taught or to be used for a degree,—that novel which in the next thirty years was to sweep into its loose fabric the ideas and the art most characteristic of the age of transition. To a horrified world of scholars absorbed with new problems just discovered in the Middle Ages, he declared that Hardy and

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS
From a drawing by Victor De Pauw.
Courtesy of *The New Yorker*.

Dostoievski and Tolstoy and even Henry James were stuff of the intellect and the imagination, worthy of scholarly interpretation, fit study for youth.

His battle, as we see it, is not ended; it is just begun. The preaching of morals is subject to changes in mores, estimates of literature must always suffer with changes of taste, but the struggle to keep the humanities human knows no end. In this combat Professor Phelps has worn his white plume bravely, flipped it often over his nose at his followers, used it sometimes to dust off antiques and to dazzle the bourgeoisie; but it is a plume, and he has earned it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Tortured Spirit

ST. AUGUSTINE. By REBECCA WEST. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

REBECCA WEST'S book, one of the neat little volumes in the Appleton series of biographies, stands out above its predecessors both in beauty of style and significance of thought. A popular biography only in being easy and delightful to read, Miss West's flexible and trenchant style here wholly at her command, mingling wit and eloquence without disharmony, her book is also a keen analysis of the character and meaning of one of the world's greatest men. Here with a subject worthy of her steel, Miss West has risen above her lesser self, somewhat too generous of casual impressions, and has given us a volume rich in reflection as well as daringly alive in treatment. Augustine stands before us almost a contemporary, a tortured spirit, fellow with Tolstoy, Lawrence, Proust, and Joyce, yet at the same time a citizen of the dying Roman Empire when under the strokes of Goth and Vandal and the weight of its own decrepitude an age-old civilization was breaking up much as Western civilization seems to many to be breaking up today.

Miss West's volume begins appropriately with a letter from Bishop Cyprian of Carthage to a Roman official in which the Christian attributes the manifest decline of civilization to the weakening of the forces of nature—"the whole world is failing and is about to die." It is against this background of a failing world that the portrait of Augustine is limned, its exponent and interpreter. Never was a man more fitted by environment and temperament to express such a world. The intense self-consciousness brought into being by Christianity and already strongly developed in St. Paul was intensified many fold in Augustine by the personal events of his life. Victim of a mother fixation if ever man was, the Œdipus Complex—though Miss West avoids the dubious phrase—being writ large in his hatred of his father, his disregard of brother and sister, his passionate submission to his mother in the crucial acts of his life, he was also by birth a Carthaginian provincial and in early manhood an unhappy and impoverished rhetorician at Rome. All these things conspired to drive him apart from the Empire and into himself, one of William James's sick souls, the first great introspective psychologist, and therein, as he has been called, "the first modern man." The sack of Rome by the Goths which broke the aged heart of Saint Jerome aroused in Augustine a fiery exultation and inspired "The City of God," a work which Miss West, while applauding its genius, fearlessly recognizes as "a shocking and barbarous book." Shocking and barbarous Augustine himself often appears in her work, in his arrogance and tactlessness and in his cruel persecution of heretics, but the arrogance and tactlessness arise out of timidity, and his heresy hunting out of an anguished need for an infallible other-worldly religion. Miss West, it is true, speaks of him in several places as "a lion," but the picture which she draws is not at all leonine. It is that of a poet-philosopher, sick at heart over the intrinsic vileness of mankind and seeking a great cleansing.

Augustine's ever present sense of sin was not due, Miss West well insists, to a consciousness of peculiar personal iniquity. It was rather a sense of universal human sin and its origin lay in the conviction that matter is evil and that man, enmeshed in matter, especially through sex, is intrinsically guilty and corrupt. Such a profound despair cannot be quieted by a mere ethical improvement, even if this were not, by hypothesis, impossible; it demands a supernatural religion, negating the world, and saving the soul by miracle. This Augustine found in the religion of his mother Monnica, a religion which embalmed her spirit and after her death protected and guided him. But, ironically, it fell to his lot to defend this religion on earth from its enemies and thereby to adapt it to the very world from which it was originally an escape and to preserve in it many features of that Roman Empire of which he was never a loyal son. With this more impersonal part of his work Miss West was prevented from dealing by limitations of space, which is a pity, as the pungent and provocative comments scattered throughout her book suggest that her handling of this phase of Augustine would also have been new and vital. As it is, she treats of his later years briefly and ends only with the words, after his death in Hippo, the Vandals at the gate,—"Nothing remained except the Church to which his mother had given him, the Mother Church, where as much of the human tradition was stored as would permit man to repeat in another place the cycle of building up and tearing down, to which as yet he has been limited."

The New Palestine

THE LAND OF PROMISE. By EDMOND FLEG. Translated by LOUISE WATERMAN WISE. New York: The Macaulay Company. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

THE problem of the modern, cultured Jew, torn between racial loyalties and love of an Occidental civilization in which he has been reared, is the theme of this exceedingly beautiful and sympathy-impelling book. Mr. Fleg was the man to have written it, for, as every Frenchman knows, there are few living who have his poetic delicacy of perception, his exquisite style, and his sense of drama. And Mrs. Stephen Wise has been an admirable translator. She has made no attempt to put the author's prose into Anglo-Gallic, but rather to say what he has said in French, in an equally satisfactory English. The book may well be read not merely for content but for beauty,

Mr. Fleg, Parisian of the Parisians, but for all that Jew, journeyed to the land of his forefathers, drawn by a nostalgia imperfectly realized even by himself. He saw there a new Palestine, beset with problems due not so much to the Arabs as to the land-owners who exploit them and to a British government essentially uninterested. He wept in Jerusalem, and was a little shocked at the crudeness of Tel-aviv, the Jewish city which has sprung from the sands near Jaffa; but before long he felt a hope and a glory inherent in Zionism. Few books tell as much about that movement with as little boredom. In the end he returned. The Jewish homeland is not for him; and yet, for all that, life for him means not its full in any other terms. He must sing the songs of Zion in a strange land. Here is both tragedy and greatness, set to noble words.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

MURDER MUST ADVERTISE. By DOROTHY SAYERS. *Harcourt, Brace.*
A good detective story.

THE GREAT ILLUSION. By SIR NORMAN ANGELL. *Putnam.*
A new edition of a stimulating discussion of the economic futility of war.

MEN OF MARACAIBO. By JONATHAN NORTON LEONARD.
A picture of life in the oil country of Western Venezuela and of its effect upon North Americans resident there.

This Less Recent Book:

HINDOO HOLIDAY. J. R. ACKERLY. *Viking.*
An Englishman's amusing record of his experiences at the court of an Indian Maharajah.

Gordon of Khartoum

CHINESE GORDON. By H. E. WORTHAM. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES ROLAND

I AM irresistibly impelled, in thinking of General Charles Gordon, to draw a Plutarchian parallel between this British moralist and soldier and the American militant prophet, Woodrow Wilson. Though the Orient enticed one and the Occident filled the visions of the other, while a generation separated them, they were singularly alike in an infinite capacity for making enemies, in an inflexible righteousness, in a Messianic urge which spurred them on eventually to an isolation of spirit which bordered on madness. If Gordon lost his head, literally, in Khartoum, when party politicians, wrangling at home, might have saved him, Wilson lost his head, no less tragically if figuratively, in a beleaguered White House at Washington.

GENERAL CHARLES GORDON
Courtesy of Robert Fridenberg Galleries.

It is consonant with the defeated spirit of this decade that a man who was technically a failure should assume steadily more glamorous proportions, and I have no doubt that similarly a new life of Woodrow Wilson would kindle revivified interest. Uncompromising, unyielding men, each in his defeat left a foundation upon which others might clamber to success. Both were multi-national in their horizons, and by a perverse stubbornness which prevailed upon them to attempt gigantic tasks alone, both were predestined to disastrous ends from which death was a merciful release.

Mr. H. C. Wortham, the latest biographer of General Gordon, dispassionately traces the unbroken chain of events, political and psychological, which inevitably led to Gordon's murder. Mr. Wortham, for a moment abandoning his admirable calm, blames Gladstone for the dalliance which kept reënforcements from reaching Khartoum in time. Historians will find no fault with that conclusion, and yet the "inevitably" above mentioned must stand, for, had the Governor-General of the Sudan been another than Chinese Gordon, relentlessly critical of his superior officers, contemptuously impatient of his equals in rank, an expedition would have wasted no time crossing the desert from Cairo to meet the forces of Mohammed Ahmed, self-styled Mahdi of Allah.

No sane person could conceivably suppose that London or Cairo complacently desired Gordon's downfall; the national honor was at stake. But the irascible, too-popular idol was not one to rouse cabinets or ambassadors from their traditional lethargy. It is still difficult to understand, however, what mental inertia dominated high officials who could remain inactive upon receipt of such a note from the proud spirit that was Gordon:

> While you are eating and drinking and resting on good beds we and those with us, both soldiers and servants, are watching this false Mahdi. . . . You have been silent all this while and neglected us. . . . If troops were sent, as soon as they reach Berber this rebellion will cease. . . .

When, too late, a movement got under way to bring help, he was infuriated to learn its name: the Gordon Relief Expedition. It wasn't the relief of Gordon he clamored for; it was the inhabitants he wanted to save from massacre at the hands of dervishes. He issues a bulletin:

> If any emissary or letter comes up ordering me to come down I will not obey it, but will stay here, and fall with the town, and run all risks.

Well, Khartoum fell and Gordon fell—and Gladstone fell. There were a good many regrets then. In Trafalgar Square two statues stand, one to Wellington, the other to Gordon. It would be optimistic to presume that cabinet ministers have learned their lesson. It is a certainty that later brooding figures handing down the tradition of the stern Hebraic prophets cannot learn theirs. They will always plunge down the abyss, leaving heroic bronze statues to immortalize them.

We are profoundly indebted to Mr. Wortham for his book. Its salient merit, amusingly perhaps, is that which the author disclaims in a prefatory note. He is not writing a history, but a biography, he says. It is, nevertheless, precisely for his lucid interpretation of a vastly complicated historical background that his volume is noteworthy. We who can scarcely follow the Chinese headlines in today's newspapers thoroughly appreciate the deftness with which Mr. Wortham unravels the tangle of China's politics seventy years ago. Leading, step by step, through Gordon's adventures in the Crimea, China, England, Palestine, the Sudan, he builds to a dramatic climax intensified by the filigreed setting he has fashioned.

The narrative moves swiftly, whether across military action or through Gordon's amazing religious enfoldment. Mr. Wortham was the first to have full access to all Gordon's 1,600 letters to his sister, Augusta, constituting his journal. He has given that strange comradeship its comprehensive play on our natural curiosity. He depicts Gordon in Palestine, student of the Bible for the time, rather than soldier. And Gordon in Gravesend, imparting salutary religious instruction to venturesome boys, while a stodgy War Department let him cool his heels for eight years without an assignment fitting his rank.

Whether "Chinese" Gordon is a proper appellation for one whose true eminence lies wrapped in the Sudan is beside the point. The name sticks. At thirty-one he had achieved wonders in the Celestial empire. Some thought he might seek to found a dynasty there, but he was content with defeating the Chinese Christian rebel who styled himself the "younger brother of Christ." Fate reserved Gordon for encounter with the pretender to the throne of Allah, a greater fanatic even than Gordon, and so his conqueror.

Charles Roland has just completed a play, "Bride of the Nile," based on the last days of Mohammed Ahmed, the Mahdi of Allah.

A Rome correspondent of the London *Observer* writes as follows: "Whether the use of Latin can be revived as an international language is a question which interests all Roman learned societies very keenly, and an attempt is being made by the Institute of Roman Studies to make its use universal in congresses on cultural subjects.

"The Institute argues that most archeologists, historians, scientists, and students of art already know Latin. It would be very much easier for cultured people who form the nucleus of all international congresses on these subjects to prepare and read their papers in Latin than to go through the tedium of listening to an interpreter. So committees are being formed in Europe and the United States with an aim to encourage the use of Latin in future congresses."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Later Victorians—Lord Salisbury and Lord Curzon Entertaining Li Hung Chang.
From "Fifty Years" (Dial).

The Later Victorians

THE VICTORIAN SUNSET. By ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN

A YEAR ago last December Mr. Wingfield-Stratford paid his respects in the *Saturday Review of Literature* to Guedalla's "Wellington." He said that it had that recurrence of emphasis that is the secret of jazz. He went on to prove that Guedalla did not attempt to explain what happened, but sought above all else to give a succession of thrills. His words were not too strong. He spoke out bravely against the smart biography of the day. Now he has proceeded to publish a volume enough in the Guedalla manner to make one wonder if he is trying to mock Guedalla. That he cannot do well; he is less amusing and light-handed than Guedalla, and he offers a deal more of ideas and interpretation.

It will be recalled that he won his fame on the "History of British Civilization," which was the record of the voyage of a cultivated amateur through the English centuries. His "Earnest Victorians" which followed was a falling off from the standard set in the earlier work, but was for all that a stimulating book. In this volume he is saying over again a good deal of what he has said already, saying it more in detail and more smartly, but with less pains. It is as if he had one book in his system and were making it into several. He has been in the past a lover of form and dignity, as his admirations in history testified. He is now writing for those mezzo-brows, that great American class of women—and of men—whom English authors despise but wish as readers. Those readers will find much to interest and amuse them. They will find that he deals with persons, political and intellectual, in a way that will at once equip them with some knowledge of names and movements. He spends pages describing the conversation of a young man and a young woman in the early stages of a Victorian acquaintance. That conversation is in the vein of compliment and of fishing for compliment that might have been met with twenty-five years ago either in the South or in small towns in Canada. His readers will find him allusive but sometimes unpleasantly so. The following example is not by any means his worst: "The origin of species for adults was like the origin of babies for children—a thing about which nice little people did not ask questions. The doctor with his bag and Jehovah with his handful of dust were all ye know on earth and all ye need to know." Such irrelevant quotation of the poet adds nothing. The readers will find, too, that he has included enough of hinted naughtiness to add the spice nowadays expected in books to be read aloud.

In his "Earnest Victorians" Mr. Wingfield-Stratford decried the "gnat-like attacks on individual Victorians" which added piquancy to up-to-date literature. No doubt he had in mind Lytton Strachey of whom he can never speak without dispraise. He, too, has yielded to the temptation to become piquant about the Victorians. If he has not the fine art of Strachey, if he cannot keep characters on the griddle through pages of finished sentences, he can toast one man to a turn in one paragraph and another in the next, as if aware that his readers will be those who prefer to pass quickly from one thing to another. In his "Earnest Victorians" he seemed to be leaning backward to be fair to the figures he did not like, but not so in this book.

The author has done some research. He has gone through *Punch* with an attentive eye, he has combed the weeklies, especially the illustrated and fashionable weeklies, he has read the several volumes of Ralph Neville, he knows his Surtees, and he has examined some memoirs. He has taken a large number of notes, but from rather obvious places and without much reading between the lines. Now, the notes for social history, if they are to be collected at all, must be gathered with a wide net and, when gathered, must be examined with a kind of second sight. The novels more than anything else contain the materials desired; it is in them that the little phrases are to be found that tell the social historian what he would fain know. For the good novelist drawing from the people he has known puts even more into his books than he realizes himself. Hugh Walpole is not reckoned among our subtler novelists, yet his picture of Roddy, the country squire, in the "Duchess of Wrex," is nearer typical truth than anything Wingfield-Stratford says about that type. A wider search for materials and a keener eye to see the meaning of those materials would have saved Wingfield-Stratford from a certain blackness and whiteness of characterization.

Of course, Wingfield-Stratford has not overlooked novelists entirely. He devotes a short paragraph to the influence of George Meredith and several paragraphs to Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm" and to Grant Allen's "Women Who Did." Meredith's influence on the aspirations and ideals of English womankind and even on the attitude of men towards women might well have filled a careful chapter.

Mr. Wingfield-Stratford is not interested in the philosophy of the time or assumes that his readers are not. He alludes lightly to the struggle between the theologians and the scientists in the seventies, a struggle between vigorous and worthy antagonists; he does not mention the *Fortnightly Review* and the part of John Morley in those wars. One gets a kind of impression that the controversies were all silly and the controversialists fit subjects for ridicule. That certain positions were taken, that the enemy was forced to retire along a wide front, one might never gather. Nor would one learn that there was a philosopher at Oxford, T. H. Green, whose teachings were preparing the way for a new Liberalism in politics. Herbert Spencer is several times mentioned, but not in such a way that the reader could find out what he taught.

Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's analysis of the psychology of the new bourgeoisie is carefully worked out, although here as in other places he is elaborating themes devolped in earlier books. The women of the new middle classes had little to do but to be genteel; they were striving after a life "that not one of them in ten thousand could ever hope to live." They had none of that pride of respectability which had been characteristic of the early Victorian middle classes, that pride that did not fear to stand up to the aristocracy. This middle class of the late Victorian period was profoundly discontented with life. Mr. Ponsonby de Tomkyns of Aston Villa, Surbiton, found his round of existence boring. The novels of Stevenson gave him an escape, as did those of Rider Haggard and Anthony Hope. Kipling did even more for Ponsonby; he took him over the Empire and showed him that all its glories belonged to him; he was a member of a great imperial race. It is G. K. Chesterton who has best hit off Ponsonby's new pride:

> And we all became by another name
> The Imperial race we are.
> The Imperial race, the inscrutable race,
> The invincible race we are.

Kipling in writing and "Joe" Chamberlain in politics brought to these bored and unhappy folk a dream world of empire and militarism. And then Wingfield-Stratford goes on with a pertinent comment on the influence of Kipling:

> Mr. Kipling's way was one of blood and the law, but the law was the iron law, the pack law of wolves in the jungle, the obedience and discipline of the barracks. It was the exact negation of the old English common law, founded as it was upon the respect for individual rights and liberties. It was the denial of everything for which English liberals had stood in the great days of the mid-century. It was the denial not only of the old law, but of the old righteousness. It was anti-Christ in his implicit denial of meekness, gentleness, of the law whose fulfilling is law.

One would like to read Wingfield-Stratford on the later Kipling, the Kipling who has in verse and prose extolled the England of yesterday, the country house people and their sons who enter the Army. The Colonial come home is likely to make the worst Tory. One wonders what Mr. Ponsonby de Tomkyns thought of the new Kipling of the shires. There was precious little "escape" for poor Ponsonby there. Yes, we should like to hear more about Ponsonby from Wingfield-Stratford when he comes to write about the Edwardians; we should like, too, to hear what he has to say about Mr. Wells's types of suburbanism.

Would that we might have the application of Wingfield-Stratford's philosophy of "escape" to the great well-to-do middle classes of America in the nineties. They had no significant aristocracy to imitate and to envy. The annexation of the Philippines would have provided them with little sense of escape. Were they so bored as their English cousins? Or was the game of business their opening on romance? Did the stories of Carnegie and J. J. Hill offer them the dreams they needed? But their wives, what about them? The American Wingfield-Stratford would perhaps write of the women's clubs, of the zeal for community service, and of the athletics that prevented boredom.

It will be seen that the author has a good deal to tell us that is interesting. It must be said for him that he is trying to write social history that is not just the story of what kind of houses people lived in, what clothes they wore, and what games they played. He understands his English classes, he knows their codes and inhibitions, and what was "done" and "not done" in a given decade. He has thought out ways in which to test and appraise the spirit of a time. Sentences here and there show how much he could say about movements and issues he has hardly touched upon. And yet history is not so simple as he seems to make it; it is incredibly complicated and lends itself so little to smartness. That smartness does not really become this thoughtful writer. It is partly the result of a want of thoroughness. He is becoming progressively more satisfied with impressions. Mr. Wingfield-Stratford has not written a social history of the later Victorians, but he has thrown out suggestions for those who will write it fifty years from now.

BOOKS IN THE NEWS

LITERARY libertarians will be glad to see that the road to censorship doesn't run smooth. In Pennsylvania, a magazine gag bill passed the House on April 18. As introduced by Representative Howard M. Long of Philadelphia, the specified purpose of the bill is "to prevent distribution of magazines and periodicals indecent in character and deleterious to the morals of citizens." The measure would require the licensing by the State Superintendent of Education of all periodicals circulating in Pennsylvania—which, of course, would create a literary dictatorship in the state whose moral leaders have included a Senator Boise Penrose and a Senator Matthew Stanley Quay. Registration of periodicals would cost $15, and would have to be repeated annually. Licenses could be arbitrarily revoked. The bill is of a piece with the so-called Minnesota "press-gag" law, which has been held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

When the Pennsylvania bill came up for a second reading in the State Senate on April 20, it met with strong opposition fostered, in part, by the American Civil Liberties Union, and it was eventually recommitted to the "law-and-order" committee. This does not mean the bill has been killed.

Hitlerite notions of what constitutes patriotic literature may have driven Erich Maria Remarque, author of "All Quiet" and "the Road Back," into becoming a Swiss resident, if not a citizen, along with Emil Ludwig, but they have not yet conquered the American judiciary. Two defendants arrested for distributing leaflets advertising anti-Hitler meetings in New York City have been dismissed by City Magistrate Thomas Aurelio. But New York is not Berlin, where Americans will watch with interest the Nazi attitude towards publication in book form in the United States of articles by H. R. Knickerbocker, *New York Evening Post* correspondent. The Knickerbocker articles are called "The Truth about Hitlerism."

Poor Pearl Buck! Speaking last week before the Columbia School of Journalism, she plaintively warned her audience against becoming novelists. Writing a novel, she said, is an "anti-social" act. This may or may not be a reflex of the controversy now agitating the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions over Mrs. Buck's novels, "The Good Earth" and "Sons," and over her *Harper's* article of January, 1933, which was, in part, a philippic against narrowness and stupidity among missionaries in China. The frank treatment of sex in her novels has worried some of the people who support Presbyterian missions. It has been intimated that Mrs. Buck will be asked to soften her treatment of sex matters in future writings. Meanwhile Mrs. Buck has preserved a silence that can only be construed as rueful on her part.

Winston Churchill is said to be contemplating writing a book about Napoleon. At present he is finishing his study of Marlborough.

The Saturday Review of Literature

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY ..... *Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART ..... *Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN ..... *Associate Editor*
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN ..... *Assistant Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENET, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY ..... *Contributing Editors*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 9. No. 41.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1933, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Amazing Tyrant

IVAN THE TERRIBLE. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN
Author of "Soviet Russia"

MR. GRAHAM'S preoccupation with the strange mixture of the mystical and the horrible in Russian character and history finds abundant scope in this biographical sketch of the famous autocrat, most cruel sovereign of a cruel country and a cruel age, whose endless list of victims was ultimately and fittingly completed by his own son.

Ivan the Terrible is equally interesting to the student of Russian history and to the student of abnormal psychology. His reign coincided with a very substantial expansion of Russian territory to the East, as a result of the overthrow of the Tartar khanates of Kazan and Astrakhan and the adventurous raid of the Cossack Yermak into Siberia. It witnessed a strenuous effort, ultimately unsuccessful, but renewed with more favorable results by Peter The Great, to obtain a window to the West in the shape of a foothold on the Baltic. Trade with England was opened up through the northern ports and Mr. Graham extracts from the English chroniclers of the time interesting descriptive details about the Czar, his court, and general conditions of Russian life.

The *opritchina*, that curious special police of terrorists and assassins which Ivan called into being and invested with power of life and death over all his subjects, was more than the whim of a ruthless despot. It was an agency for breaking the power of the old hereditary boyars, or aristocrats, and for driving home the conception that the greatest noble in Russia was of no more account in the Czar's eyes than a serf. Ivan contributed as much as any individual to the building up of absolute despotism, unchecked by such West European influences as an idependent Church, a powerful nobility, and growing free cities, as the law of Russian development; and this fact is of permanent great significance in Russian history.

Ivan the man is quite as interesting as Ivan the ruler. Seated on his Muscovite throne he seems to have contracted many of the psychological perversions and monstrous vices to which absolute rulers are prone, as anyone may recognize from the records of such Roman Emperors as Nero, Caligula, and Tiberius. Ivan was an orphan at an early age and came to fear the rough boyars who surrounded him, neglected him as a child, and might quite well have murdered him in the event of a court plot. Later he displayed qualities of morbid suspiciousness and self-pity; and a streak of cowardice in his character seems to have also played its part in driving him to such excesses of ferocity as the deliberate extermination of a large part of the population of Novgorod. Mr. Graham offers the following explanation of Ivan's homicidal psychology:

> It seems possible that at times he held the view that a Czar can do no murder. He had even a crazy notion that death by him was an honor or a sacrifice acceptable to God. He had a great contempt for those who fled from martyrdom. The Shakespearean conscience-stricken blood-guiltiness was not his. The ghosts of the victims could only have come back to thank him.

The author lays much stress on the death of Ivan's first wife, Anastasia, as a turning point in his character and career. Up to that time his reign had not been distinguished by special severity, and had been marked by such notable achievements as the capture of Kazan. After Anastasia's death he steadily degenerated into a crime- and sex-crazed monster; and Mr. Graham shows how toward the end of his life even his powers of vigorous leadership in war and cunning in diplomacy forsook him, so that he ingloriously lost his earlier grip on the turbulent Baltic coast which was a frequent battleground of Russians, Swedes, and Poles.

It was one of the paradoxes of Ivan's character that he was a man of considerable learning for his time, deeply versed in theology. Paroxysms of almost insane worship and repentance alternated with paroxysms of savagery and lust in this half-mad despot. A curious feature of the Czar's life was his correspondence with one of his subjects, Prince Andrew Kurbsky, who escaped from Russia and addressed reproachful letters to the Czar from the safe refuge of Poland. Surprisingly enough Ivan answered the letters regularly and addressed counter-reproaches of his own to the fugitive.

A lighter touch is added to the book by the flirtation in which Ivan endeavored to indulge with Queen Elizabeth of England. Mr. Graham has consulted all the available English sources on this episode and arrives at the conclusion that, while Ivan seriously desired an English bride, and was willing to compromise on a lady of rank if the Queen herself were inaccessible, Elizabeth's motives in carrying on the correspondence were strictly mercantile. Very characteristic of Elizabeth's prosaic attitude was her suggestion that, if the Czar had to leave his dominions at any time, he could find a refuge in England, provided that he pay his own expenses.

But lighter touches are rare in this narrative of a psychopathic figure whom destiny had placed in control of a vast empire. Mr. Graham omits no detail of the orgy of bloodshed and torture and vice that characterized the greater part of Ivan's reign. While he has not discovered any specifically new material about the subject of his biography he has employed a judicious mixture of the standard Russian authorities with the narratives of English travellers and envoys and produced an almost blindingly vivid portrait of this amazing tyrant and the age and society in which he lived.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE
From an old woodcut in "Early Voyages and Travels to Russia and Persia."

According to the London *Journal* "arrangements have been made by the Soncino Press for a complete version in English of the great Jewish code of law and commentary known as the Babylonian Talmud.

"A more or less exact summary of its contents have in recent years appeared on both sides of the Atlantic, but up to now there has been no complete and unabridged translation, giving the Talmud in a form useful to scholars, comparing the translation with the original text, and readable to students unaccustomed to the somewhat difficult expression in Rabbinic thought.

"The English version of the Babylonian Talmud will occupy twenty-five volumes, which will appear in successive sets between the spring of 1934 and 1937. The sixty-three tractates of which the Talmud is composed will be translated by some twenty-five different Rabbinic scholars.

"Mr. J. Davidson, a director of the Soncino Press, which is publishing the work, said of the Talmud that it 'is not strictly speaking a book; it is a compilation or even a literature, the work of many generations.

" 'It was built up out of the sayings of the intellectual and spiritual leaders of the Jewish people in Palestine during the course of the first four or five centuries of the Christian era.' "

A Story Teller Returns

DEATH IN THE WOODS. By SHERWOOD ANDERSON. New York: Liveright, Inc. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

WHEN Sherwood Anderson comes to New York he may go to a speakeasy. He tells anecdotes about people he has met in Virginia and elsewhere. Walking along a country road one day in the South, he met a man named Boone. "Any kin to Daniel?" asked Sherwood. "Why, my name's Dan'el," the old man said. All of Sherwood Anderson is in the telling of that anecdote: the simple relish of an old man's provincial dignity, the wonder at any expression of individuality. The stories collected in "Death in the Woods" are all variations on this eternal theme of wonder. Mr. Anderson remains incapable of irony, of satire, of any studied view of the human comedy.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON.
Photograph by Doris Ulmann

The trouble with wonder of Mr. Anderson's ingenuous variety is that it is unselective as a principle of literary composition. It gives rise to the shapelessness of his novels, in which the moments of intensified awareness seem no more important to the author than the routine passages. When one lacks a point of view in the novel one is apt to treat everything on an even plane of importance; and this offends readers who have their own ideas of the petty and the large. In the short story, however, wonder does better as a touchstone. Some of the stories in "Death in the Woods" are in the old Anderson tradition, excellent because the author has hit upon spurts of heighened consciousness that are universally experienced. Some achieve no more than a sort of maundering poetry. And some are downright bad, built out of human circumstances that do not call for any quality of wonder. In the poorer items, Mr. Anderson himself seems trying to be impressed against his own better judgment. This attempt gives rise to an oracular style, with everything unduly emphasized by paragraphing of the single sentence variety—for all the world as if Mr. Anderson were a Scripps-Howard editorial writer taking Blanche Colton Williams's course in the art of the short story.

"Death in the Woods," the best of the present collection, is lifted with but few changes from one of the earlier Anderson books, "Tar: A Midwest Childhood." It is a simple account of an old woman's death, propped up against a tree in winter, with her dogs running in circles about her, waiting for her to die before they attack the pack in which she has soupbones and liver. The importance of the story derives from the child's point of view from which it is told; like Elizabeth Roberts's "Death at Bearwallow," it emphasizes the mystery which surrounds one's first experience of any of the major emotional encounters. "The Return" might be considered the epilogue to an unwritten novel of which "Departure," the last story of "Winesburg, Ohio," is the prologue. It is fully as good as the earlier story. It presents Mr. Anderson standing in wonder before a visit to childhood scenes, a visit in which nothing, of course, happens as planned in the imagination beforehand. Other stories, "The Fight," "Like a Queen," and "Another Wife," are all up to the old Anderson level. As for the rest of the lot, they range from lugubrious Steinesque to mere padded observations. Yet, despite the mixture of poor stuff with the first-rate, it is good to have Mr. Anderson telling stories again.

Good Melodrama

HELENE. By VICKI BAUM. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THERE was a time when, on the evidence of certain fugitive passages in "Grand Hotel," one could have sworn that there was a great novelist imprisoned somewhere in Vicki Baum. That opinion has gone the way of most opinions, and the lady is now established as a popular writer for whom one has a sincere respect, and whose work one does not trouble with too nice a sense of values. As for "Helene," it is the most strictly patterned, the most ambitious, and the least original of her stories. While it affects an outward show of austerity, its impulse is romantic: you might compare it to somebody going to a masquerade ball dressed up as a monk.

Helene is a student of chemistry at one of the more ancient German universities. She has fifteen hundred marks upon which to live until she obtains her doctorate; she is an orphan. More out of tenderness than passion she takes a fellow student for her lover, and discovers that she is with child. Life has so arranged things that marriage is both unlikely and undesirable; attempts at abortion do not succeed; a suicide pact ends only with prison for Helene, who, on her release, grimly enrolls at another university, where she becomes a mother and a Doctor. Her money all spent, she is reduced to the most wretched shifts in order to support her child—she, whose one ambition is to go back to chemical research, and whose one love, next to the love she has for her child, is a tragic professor at her old university. In the end she obtains both her ambition and her professor.

The story is a very old one—we have met it hundreds of times before, and will meet it again: but it wears its modern German disguise with a good deal of taste. It is melodrama, of course. All the minor characters have the appearance of being excellently coached—they play their parts with accuracy, and not death itself can rob them of the appropriate gesture. They are to supply this story of courage with the necessary pathos, eccentricity, tenderness, romance, and depravity; and it is not very captious of us if we say that they give it everything but reality. After all, Helene herself is a theatrical contrivance; one device after another is employed to keep her out of anything that would demand more of her creator than her creator is capable of producing.

But while bad melodrama is merely nauseating, there is always room for good melodrama, because it does present us with what we might call an affirmation—it tells us that life is neither dull nor unrewarding. This is bald and ingenuous; but one has yet to discover that what is ingenuous is necessarily untrue, or that what is bald is necessarily banal. And "Helene" is really good melodrama—well written, well constructed; more than that, its author has an intuition of right human behavior which gives even the most theatrical of her scenes an air of nature.

"At the end of this year," according to a Vienna corespondent of the London *Observer*, "the thirty years' period of copyright protection of Hugo Wolf's works will expire. The publishers, however, are to ask the Government to reconsider the question of introducing a term of fifty years' copyright, or at least to agree to a provisional prolongation. Austria has adopted the thirty years' period from Germany, but authors, composers, and artists consider it unfair that their copyright should expire thirty years after their deaths instead of fifty.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can Europe Pay?

THE A B C OF WAR DEBTS AND THE SEVEN POPULAR DELUSIONS ABOUT THEM. By FRANK H. SIMONDS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1933. $1.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

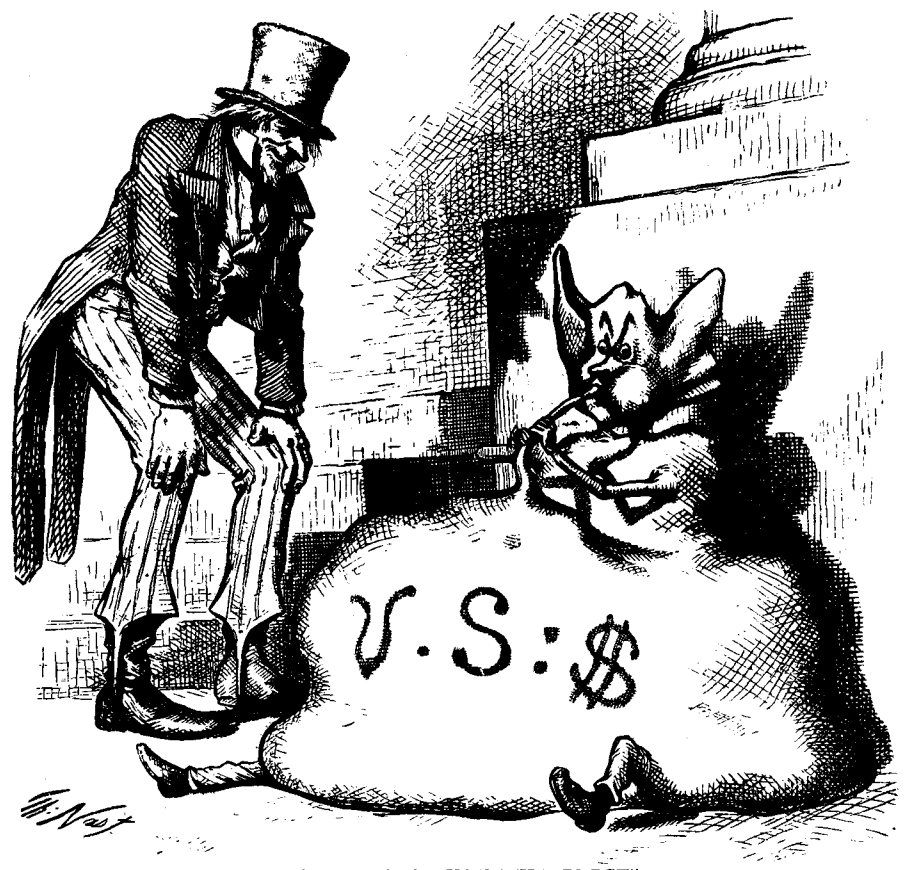
TAKING as his text President Roosevelt's reported admission that his administration "will be made or marred by its handling of the debt issue," Mr. Simonds has tossed off this little book to show that the war debts are as dead as Fenian bonds or Confederate States' securities, and to suggest that the most the President can do is to stall for time by persuading Congress to consent to another moratorium in June in the hope that American public opinion, which Mr. Simonds thinks is all wrong, will in due time come to see the situation as it really is. It is a pity that Mr. Simonds, who has written so much that is worth while about international matters, should have been content to offer his wide public so unsatisfactory a presentation of the war debts case.

Mr. Simonds begins by quoting President Coolidge's remark that "they hired the money, didn't they?" and pictures the majority of the American people as still laboring under the delusion that the war debts represent cash advances by the United States, whereas in fact the European governments received credits which they used in purchasing supplies in this country. Of the existence of any such popular assumption, either at the time the credits were granted or at the present time, he offers no proof whatever, nor is it a fair inference from President Coolidge's remark. In connection with his hypothesis Mr. Simonds makes some curious allusions to Europe "hiring" American pigs, cattle, goods, and raw materials, and to the American government "hiring" the money from its own citizens. He does not, of course, deny that the credits constituted debts as valid as those which would have been created by cash advances, but he seems to see something quite unusual in an intergovernmental operation precisely similar in effect to transactions which go on every day in the business world.

Having conjured a state of general public ignorance about the nature of the debts, Mr. Simonds goes on to elucidate the familiar propositions that international debts can be paid only in goods, services, or gold, that the United States has obstructed payment in goods or services by raising its tariff and subsidizing shipping, that payment in gold would drain the debtor countries' gold supply, that Europe has in fact never paid anything because American loans have equalled the nominal payments, and that the hope of payment must, in consequence, be given up. To these are added the contentions that the debts are necessarily limited to reparations, that war debts are not like other debts because what was bought with the credits was shot away or used up, and hence that the loans produced nothing from which reimbursement can be made. The World War was a calamity, and it, of course, is not fair that American should have to pay the debts if Europe does not, "but whoever said it was fair? Was the San Francisco earthquake fair?"

If what Mr. Simonds means is only that debt payments will be more burdensome now that reparations have practically ceased, or that world economic conditions have so changed that complete fulfilment of the sixty-two-year debt agreements may not be possible, he has said nothing that is not either obvious or else fairly open to argument. He weakens his contentions, however, by both assumptions and omissions. He seems to assume, for example, that the debts can be paid only out of current national income. Why may they not be paid in part from national capital, as private debts have to be if the debtor has capital but not enough income? Why does Mr. Simonds pass over the fact that, with the exception of Great Britain, none of the debtor nations has as yet attempted to pay by taxing its own people, and that, again with the exception of Great Britain, the reparations receipts of the principle debtors, notably France, have vastly exceeded the amount of the debt instalments? So of payments in gold; Mr. Simonds's proposition is sound if a country can in no way obtain a favorable export balance in its international trade. But is Mr. Simonds sure that so-called three-cornered international trade offers as little resource as his reference to it seems to imply; and can he show that the considerable debt payments that were made prior to June, 1931, when the Hoover moratorium went into effect, were really balanced by American loans as far as the paying countries are concerned? And would he maintain that the extraordinary accumulation by Great Britain of dollar exchange in New York, estimated at about $150,000,000 in addition to ear-marked gold, within less than two months after the December debt payment of $95,500,000 was made, has no bearing upon the ability of Great Britain to pay in gold without precipitating the calamity which Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, predicted?

What Mr. Simonds's book amounts to is a plea for throwing the debt claims overboard and paying the remaining Liberty bonds ourselves, without waiting to see if part, at least, of the claims cannot be salvaged. One would never imagine, from reading the book, that political interest abroad had anything fundamental to do with the campaign for cancellation. The book is not an A B C of the war debts; it hardly gets beyond the letter A.



"BY INFLATION YOU WILL BURST"
A Nast drawing from Harper's Weekly of December 20, 1873.

State Righter, Old Style

JOE BAILEY: The Last Democrat. By SAM HANNA ACHESON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

JOE BAILEY entered Congress in the same session with W. J. Bryan and Jerry Simpson; and he entered with a good Texas bang. To reporters who gibed at his dress of an ante-bellum Southern cunnel he remarked that society has no right to regulate sartorial style; that ever since he could afford it he had dressed in the same way—black broadcloth suit, broad white shirt, roll collar, white tie, flopping black felt hat; that these clothes pleased him and pleased his wife; and that he would continue to wear them, winter and summer, Sundays and weekdays, at breakfasts, luncheons, teas, and formal dinners. He immediately made it clear on the floor of the House, in a ringing baritone voice, that he differed from Cleveland on the silver question; differed from Bryan on the tariff; and differed from most other Democrats on the rules of the House. In gadfly fashion he began refusing unanimous consent to special pensions and other private bills. To the wrath of Illinoisians, he announced that the appropriation of $1,500,000 for the Chicago World's Fair was legislative burglary. He assailed Ambassador Bayard as unfit to represent the American people anywhere or in any capacity. In short, he was off to a flying start as an independent Democrat who said just what he thought.

For the next twenty years Bailey, like John Sharp Williams, held a special place in the list of Southern leaders. He was a shrewd, rugged, upstanding fighter, sometimes perverse, sometimes given to oratorical pyrotechnics, but on the whole an uncommonly healthy force in American politics. Nobody owned Bailey; he was ready to go into political exile rather than bow to the herd mind. He entered the Senate in 1901, and immediately made himself felt there. A big man, handsome, eloquent, proud almost to arrogance, he helped to make the Democratic minority in the upper chamber count at times beyond its numbers. He and Tillman, allied with the new Progressive Republican group, defeated Aldrich in 1906 on the momentous Hepburn rate bill.

Bailey scored heavily again in 1910 when he introduced an income tax amendment to the pending Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill. A spectacular battle ensued, and once more Aldrich had to swallow a bitter dose—a corporation income tax and a constitutional amendment for a general income tax. "Alone and single-handed he did it," ran the tribute of the hostile New York *Sun* to Bailey, "with no other materials than a futile minority, a handful of majority malcontents, and an effrontery as sublime as Catiline's." But iron days lay just ahead. Bailey had the courage to oppose the unseating of Lorimer. He disliked Lorimer and hated bribery, but he had an honest conviction as to the validity of the election and the rights of a sovereign State. He assailed the Democratic tariff doctrine of free raw materials, espoused by Clevelandites and Bryanites alike. To his mind it was wicked to protect the manufacturer while exposing the farm-producer and mineral-producer to the sharpest competition. With passionate conviction, he also attacked the initiative, referendum, and recall. In his opinion they struck at the roots of representative government. When Arizona was admitted with these new-fangled features in her constitution, he indulged in the most dramatic act of his life. Like Conkling in 1881, he resigned his seat. His friends were aghast. Eleven Democratic Senators signed a statement that his proposed step was "a national calamity." The governor refused to accept his resignation; the legislature voted to urge him to recall it. Reluctantly, he did so. But he immediately announced that he would not run for reëlection, and he did not. His official career was over.

Outside office he was as much an independent as in, and as interesting—almost—as ever. He took an instant dislike to Woodrow Wilson, and opposed his nomination from beginning to end; he even threatened to vote for Taft. He savagely bludgeoned the Underwood Tariff. He believed that President Wilson should have recognized Huerta, and was indignant when troops were sent to Vera Cruz. Texas was wholeheartedly behind President Wilson as we went to war with Germany, but Bailey believed that the President's course was a cruel blunder. He was against the League of Nations. He was equally against the prohibition amendment and the woman suffrage amendment.

Mr. Acheson knew Bailey and his cyclonic personality at first hand; he knows Texas, the history of which in the last half-century has centred around three men, Hogg, Bailey, and Ferguson. He gives an excellent narrative of Bailey's career. It is lucid, expert, compact, and pungently phrased. At two points, in the legislative history of the Hepburn Act and that of the income tax amendment, it adds facts of importance to our knowledge of recent American history. Strangely, it is deficient in personal portraiture. There are few letters, few anecdotes, few glimpses of the man as he relaxed with friends. This is the more regrettable in that Bailey would have made an excellent subject for a little Boswellizing. But the book nevertheless enables us to understand just what a highly original person this old style State-Righter was.

Towards Recovery

END THE CRISIS, A PLEA FOR ACTION. By FELIX SOMARY. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1933. $1.

IRONICALLY enough, Mr. Somary's book comes from the presses at the very moment that the Roosevelt administration has abandoned the gold standard. But it need not be read as ancient history, even though it sets its face against such measures as are contemplated under the Thomas amendment to the Farm bill. Mr. Somary's prescription for recovery is simple. He wants the European debtor nations to bind themselves together "for the effective liberation of America from the crisis." This is not a Quixotic notion, as he explains it. For world recovery depends, first of all, on a recovery of prices of raw materials. The United States exports raw materials. Let the European debtor states guarantee to take from America at present world market rates, for a considerable period, "a number of staple products, in quantities corresponding broadly to the average of the American exports to these countries in . . . 1922-26." The plan should be "conditional on America's permanent renunciation" of her war debt claims. Moreover, the export sale of staple products at the fixed price by the United States should be optional; when the natural price level rises, the scheme should be abandoned. The European guarantee of buying would thus merely act as a cushion to prevent prices from falling below their present point.

Mr. Somary, it will be seen, is a man who sees eye to eye with Al Smith. "The menace of inflation, that nostrum of cowardice," he says, "is at hand." Well, inflation may not necessarily be cowardice, but, in justice to Mr. Somary, it is difficult to see just how inflation is going to inflate. As Mr. Somary reiterates, there is plenty of unemployed capital in the American banks waiting for the sign of a market to be turned into credit. Revalorization of the dollar at a lower ratio to gold will do no good unless, as Mr. Somary says, the demand comes from consumers, not from producers. It will be of no avail to change the basis of the dollar from 23 grains of pure gold to 15, say, unless, by some means or other, the government puts the newly created money into the hands of both the unemployed and languishing contractors through a public works program. Devaluation which is not coupled with spending will simply add to the stock of unemployed capital lying idle in the banks. The same is true of remonetization of silver, with this difference: that silver miners would get note equivalents to spend. But the relative number of silver miners is not very large. If our inflation fails to inflate, Mr. Somary's little book will be read with a sense that here was a minor prophet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More American Annals

THE MARCH OF DEMOCRACY. Volume II. From Civil War to World Power. By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by SIDNEY K. MITCHELL
Yale University

THIS second and final volume of the "March" covers only a little more than two generations of a familiar period. Hence we expect an unusually thorough analysis of the underlying forces, vivid pictures of social and economic conditions, and a freer use than before of what the publishers' jacket denominates, "bold biographical sketches." The author, however, after he passes 1870, abandons the plan which might have given these results, a plan which combined narrative history with "an account of manners, arts and letters," for a chronicle almost purely political in character.

Yet for a man approaching sixty, not a specialist in American history, the volume has a certain interest, autobiographical in nature. Such a man recollects stories told in his youth by his elders and articles in magazines, such as the *Century*, about the Civil War and its aftermath. A little afterward, his personal memories of political issues begin with the election of Grover Cleveland in 1884. With later questions, his recollections become ever fuller, of free silver, anti-imperialism, the trusts, the tariff, banking, Venezuela, Panama, the coal strike, the Great War, and, finally, the recent years. This book recalls such events pleasantly to his mind, as if he were perusing the pages of his diary. But very little appears of deeper, subtler interpretation of the era.

What was Reconstruction? Nothing but the struggle with the Southern whites for the political control of the South? Of later developments in that great section with its agricultural, industrial, and racial problems, this volume has not a word. Two primary features of our history since 1865 have been the growth of the West and the industrial revolution throughout the country as a whole. The author disposes of these movements with details about the grange, the nefarious deeds of the trusts, President Theodore Roosevelt's war upon them, and the like. There is no attempt at a comprehensive discussion of their relations to American life, such as one finds in a volume like Mantoux's "Industrial Revolution in England in the Eighteenth Century," or on a more modest scale, in Gilbert Slater's "Making of Modern England." What of the educational expansion, of intellectual evolution, of the changes in social life? Nothing, after we pass the chapter on "Behind the Lines in [Civil] War Time," nothing but casual comment. The "bold character sketches" are confined to obvious leaders; for men just a little less prominent, we get names, or the mention of their stand on some public question, but often hardly even a line of characterization. The illustrations are interesting and dramatic indeed, yet even here it should be noted that the arrangement often makes them tell one narrative and the text another. The tone of the work is moderate and the viewpoint objective.

How accurate the detail is the specialist in American history can best say. Trolleys were certainly introduced before 1898. The statement that the world production of gold in 1896 was $11,000,000 and from 1908 to 1912 an average of $20,000,000 per annum makes the mistake of substituting dollars for ounces, as a glance at the references given in the index will show.

It is misleading to state that in 1899 "a large part of the Filipinos were savages."

For the cultivated reader, therefore, who has a background of American history and is on the lookout for interpretation, and for the student who is interested in methods of presenting recent history, the volume is a disappointment.

A collection of Brontë relics was recently sold in London for £1,884. £400 was paid for a thirty-two-page MS. of "Visits to Verreopolis," written in Charlotte's microscopic hand; £300 for the MS. of a title-less story; and £70 for Charlotte's writing desk and other articles.

The BOWLING GREEN

Notes With a Yellow Pen

TO shift from sensation to transcription is always difficult. For two months I was pure observer, unvexed by that delicate balance of pros and cons called writing. The private senses accept what happens and find nothing inopportune. The mind, when undeformed by any public motive, is like the person called in offices a "receptionist," welcoming all the various visitors of chance, trying to arrange appointments for them with its principals (the emotions), busily plugging its little switchboard and living in the delicious flow of event. But how, after such adventure, does it settle down to the labor of selective record? Conscientious midget, now it must go into conference with itself. Lonely and deplorable task! How little do they know him who see only the light-hearted traveller—a comedian, apparently—and observe not his mien when he faces the nemesis of blank paper. I wish my notes weren't so meagre.—But when life is most worth living there is little time for taking notes.

Even this pen has gone bad on me—as I might have known it would. It is a big, bright yellow pen, very gaudy and smart; I admired it once, and the owner gave it to me with a braw gesture. How generous he was, I thought; great-hearted fellow. I learned afterward that this same pen had cost me a good many thousand dollars. Although it's too big to be comfortable in a Rogers Peet waistcoat (I wish they'd learn to make their waistcoats a bit more roomy), I keep it by me, as a reminder not to be taken in by bright colors and gold trim. I said I'd teach it to write honestly; and I try. But there's a sort of soft sprawl about the point; it doesn't come crisp and firm to the idea, as a pen should. Things are so eloquent of the people who have chosen them. I can't blame this pen for its weak, showy qualities; it writes everything bigger than one intends; overdrawn, just the way its original owner was.

⁂ ⁂

If I still had Ellen Harvey's pencil, I'd be tempted to use that. But somehow it got away from me in Hawaii. (I was lying when I showed those people in San Francisco a pencil and said it was Ellen Harvey's.)

Ellen Harvey is the wrapping girl in the book department at Halle's big department store in Cleveland. I was at Halle's on Washington's Birthday; making a note of an address to which I wanted a book sent I borrowed Ellen's pencil. Unintentionally I put it in my pocket. I didn't identify it until about ten days later when I was in the *Malolo*, out on a blue Pacific on the way to Honolulu. I was jotting down some ideas that occurred to me, and in the affliction of the moment I was gazing dumbly at the desk. I saw that a slice had been neatly shaved off the shank of the pencil, and written on the wood was E. HARVEY. Then I remembered, and took the incident as a starting-point for some talks I had to make at the university in Honolulu. I wanted, more than anything else, to talk about Shakespeare as an American Citizen; but I knew that if people guessed I was going to talk about Shakespeare they would stay away. I was even strangely embarrassed at the thought of anyone on train and ship noticing that my constant companion was a fat Shakespeare in one volume. One is shy about being seen reading anything as good as that in public. Then I considered how surprised Ellen Harvey's pencil must be to find itself far out on the Pacific, making notes about Shakespeare. Its reasonable expectation of life must have been to spend its career in addressing packages to the citizens of Cleveland—a city where you have to be particularly careful about addresses because they run into five digits. And now Ellen's pencil (it was a Bruce Masterpoint Number 2) found itself, not nearly as beautifully sharpened as Ellen had kept it, far away from its accustomed scenes and making the most curious memoranda. Here is one:—

As you lie in your bunk you see a continuous passage of pale shadows hurrying over the ceiling—reflected through the port from the water outside—so are Shakespeare's plays, shadows from the broken foam of that great ocean of thought—

It struck me that what had happened to Ellen Harvey's pencil was a symbol of the life of the artist in all realms of creation. Destiny comes along and takes some very humble instrument, carries it far away and puts it to uses of which it never dreamed. Certainly a youth in an English country town 350 years ago could hardly have guessed that he would become the image and superscription of all the world's poets.

⁂ ⁂

It was not Shakespeare but my old friend Salesman who was my companion on the first slopes of this zigzag. (But even in Shakespeare he and I can find matter of argument. When I think he has said too little about books of great merit, I call him Colatine, after the lines in *Lucrece*—

Or why is Colatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown?

Or, after some of his triumphs of dissemination, I remind him that Sonnet 102 was one of the earliest uses of *merchandize* (as a verb). Infatuated students of the Book Trade in all its humane aspects, we had long contemplated a business trip to California together. There, Colatine said, I might really learn for the first time to what summits of high spirit and hospitality the Trade could rise. Now, by reason of sombre conditions, he felt he could not go so far. But he would see me safe to Cleveland and Chicago. So here we are, according to old tradition, in drawing room A of the car *Laurel View* on the Lake Shore Limited.

The first thought of the returned traveller is sometimes, Are those ships and trains still running on their regular schedule? Incredible that what was such an adventure for him was just routine for them. Is the Lake Shore Limited still pulling out of Grand Central every evening? People crossing in the ferries from San Francisco to Oakland, spring sunset pink behind that city of a hundred hills, to get aboard the Overland?

Is the *Mariposa* leaving the pier at Honolulu, with the rustle of colored paper ribbons along her side, and passengers wearing flower leis, and the Royal Hawaiian Band booming *Aloha Oe*? Harry Snyder, who sells the books of all publishers to the Islands, told me yesterday that he was playing bridge somewhere in Scarsdale when the radio began broadcasting the sailing of the *Lurline* from Honolulu. He got up to listen, and the bridge game had to wait. His friends thought he was goofy, but I know how he felt . . . and all those things go on just the same, even the Nickel Plate sleeper from Cleveland to Chicago, and those yellow cars (as yellow as this clumsy pen) that stand in the station at Omaha about nine in the evening ("The Milwaukee Road"). That is a twinge that the traveller must learn.

⁂ ⁂

When you find a barren spot in your memory, there must be some reason for it. It had been a hard and long consequence of work: perhaps both Colatine and I were tired. The realization of being actually started on so long a journey, with much uncertainty both behind and ahead, was daunting to a feeble spirit. The merely physical sounds of travel, rumble of rails or hiss of water, can be very grievous with their message of widening division. But whatever the reason, I find in my cortex only the dimmest impress of that evening. Usually, the First Night Out, Colatine and I are full of schemes for the regeneration of the book business, but I find no annotation of Big Ideas. Did we dine on the train? Apparently not, for I see no careful entry of the first meal's cost such as always begins a conscientious expense account. I remember that we had a few minutes' pace in cold air on the platform at Albany, and noted an adjoining Pullman called *Isaac L. Stevens*. We wondered, without much excitement, who was he, and entertained a vague notion he had some fame in the Civil War. Soon thereafter we felt (I think it is Falstaff's phrase?) an exposition of sleep; I don't even remember the detective story that made it possible.

The next morning, after bath and breakfast at the Cleveland Hotel, was distinctly better. Colatine, in blithe spirits, perpetrated his familiar jape on one of Cleveland's most humorous booksellers. I heard him at the phone:

"Is this Mr. Jackson? This is Mr. Townsend out in Shaker Heights. I'm building a new house and I'm fixing up a Book Room. I want your advice about some titles."

A hopeful murmur heard from the other end showed that Charley Jackson felt that a dull holiday morning (it was Washington's Birthday) might not be lost after all.

"I'm afraid this is going to be a nuisance, because the architect has made the room bigger than I expected, and I'll need a lot of books to fill it.

"It's a room twenty by forty, with a decorated ceiling, and I think it'll take about five thousand books to fill it. I'm rather particular about my books, I'd like to have them all copies of —— ——," mentioning the title of a novel on which the Colatine Company had been putting considerable pressure.

Charley's reply to this was not audible from where I sat.

⁂ ⁂

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS: —A general sense of fiscal uneasiness in Cleveland, due to premonitions of some banking difficulty. . . . Very ingenious tilted shelves at Korner & Wood's bookstore, allowing compact and effective display of books. . . . The beautiful little private theatre which Charles S. Brooks has at the bottom of his garden and where he and his friends put on plays for their own amusement. . . . The Pepper Pike Country Club, from whose clubhouse ladies are strictly excluded. . . . Jack Crawford's collection of Firsts of William McFee. . . . The friendly reporter at the Cleveland *News* who obliged with the telephone number of a reliable bootlegger. . . . Was sorry not to have a chance to see the tablet in the *Plain Dealer* office in memory of Artemus Ward. . . . Discovered in a shop of rare books the "Hoboken Edition" of *Fanny Hill*. . . . The book department at Halle's, presided over by the charming Veronica Hutchinson, has founded a Blotto Club, which preserves the blotters with which visiting writers dry their signatures. . . . The admirable copper coiffure of the Floor Manager at Halle's. . . . The lunch club where old-fashioned cocktails are served with a little crust of powdered sugar round the rim of the glass. . . . Why, in Cleveland, does no one ever show you the Lake Front? . . . And why do the newsboys in Cleveland shout all night long?

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Under the title of "Children's Books of Yesterday" The New York Public Library recently opened a remarkable exhibition in its main exhibition room (Room 113). The exhibition was organized in collaboration with the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and with the assistance of a committee of fifteen members. It is believed that no such representative or ambitious a showing has ever before been attempted in America. In all there are some five hundred books, manuscripts, drawings, woodcuts, prints, cards and games—from many countries and covering over four hundred years of time. Emphasis has been laid upon illustration and color. It is expected that the exhibition will remain on view at least until after Labor Day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Many books have told how the Russians WORK— this one tells how they LIVE!

RED VIRTUE

By ELLA WINTER

What is happening to the personal lives of the Russians under the Soviet Régime? What about family relationships, home life, amusements, clothes, ideas, modes of behavior, children, criminals, education, sex, ideals? Ella Winter lived for many months with Russians in their homes and learned the Russian answers to these American questions. She has given a vivid, intimate picture of those aspects of life in the USSR which economists and politicians have not touched upon. "A lucid, informing book on an exciting subject."—*Maurice Hindus.*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Designing a New Man . . . It's Not Done—in the USSR . . . One of Five Million . . . New Incentives for Old . . . "I am a Worker!" . . . Hobnails in the University . . . Woman Freed . . . Love Must be Changed . . . Instead of the Family—What? . . . Frank Sex Teaching . . . Fitting Misfits . . . Ending Prostitution . . . Crime and No Punishment . . . Rulers for Infancy . . . The Soviet Child at Play . . . Socialist Houses and Soviet Towns . . . Art Leaves the Ivory Tower . . . To What End?

$3.00, *illustrated*

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue, N. Y.

EVELYN SCOTT

EVA GAY

"This story of Eva's love for Hans and for Evan seems to me unmatched by any portrait of a woman in fiction . . . in power, clarity and courage." — *Herald Tribune* $2.50

KAY BOYLE

THE FIRST LOVER
and Other Stories

"To be put on the shelf beside Wm. Faulkner's 'These Thirteen' and Ernest Hemingway's 'Men Without Women'."—*N.Y. Post* $2

WILLIAM FAULKNER

A GREEN BOUGH

Poems by the author of *Sanctuary* and *Light in August.* $1.75

HARRISON SMITH and ROBERT HAAS

Society and Its Problems

A Tragic Story

INDIAN REMOVAL. By GRANT FOREMAN. Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press. 1932.

Reviewed by CHARLES J. RHOADS

IT is a tragic story that Grant Foreman tells of the forcible uprooting and expulsion of sixty thousand Indians over a period of more than a decade from their homes in the Southern States to the new land in the West. That these Indians of a century ago were not wanderers, but settled peoples who had established themselves on the soil, built homes and farms, raised herds and varied crops, laid out roads, built mills, engaged in commerce, and sent their children to schools, makes the story all the more appealing. The effect is still further heightened by the fact that this is not the sketchy story of a modern sentimentalist on Indian matters, but a carefully documented, day-by-day account by an historian whose reputation for meticulous accuracy in his search of War Department and Indian Bureau records is known to all who have anything to do with Indian history.

One can hardly read such a story without feeling outraged over the treatment meted out to Choctaws, Cherokees, Chickasaws, Creeks, and Seminoles as the result of Andrew Jackson's policy of taking the Indians away from their own lands to satisfy greedy whites. If the experience of the Southern Indians was worse than that in the North, it was, as Mr. Foreman is careful to explain, only because the Southern Indians were better acquainted with their legal rights and resisted more stubbornly the aggressions of the whites. Mr. Foreman's account makes particularly clear that the whole undertaking was carried out with no proper thought of the consequences, with no measuring of ways and means that might at least have made the process more humane than it was. Mr. Foreman finds the regular army officers and soldiers on the whole considerate in their unwelcome duties, in distinct contrast to the volunteer soldiers, local civilian employees, and selfish contractors, but the worst feature was the utter lack of planning and foresight in this tremendous enterprise—a characteristic, one is tempted to say, of national action in Indian matters down to the present.

> The Government was launched without compass or rudder into the uncharted sea of Indian removal; for the first time it was about to engage on a large scale in the removal of its aborigines from their homes, transport them across the great Mississippi River, carry them part way by steamboats and then overland through swamps and across streams, build roads and bridges, cut banks down to the streams, and finally locate these expatriates, men and women, the aged and decrepit, little children, and babes in arms, in their new country.

No wonder that to this day the Choctaws and other Indians of the Five Tribes in Oklahoma refer to Indian removal as "The Trail of Tears." It colors all their history since. It should make those who deal with the Five Tribes Indians more than anxious to dispense justice, to lean backward in fulfilment of promises, to exercise patience and forbearance under the most irritating situations. The reader of Mr. Foreman's book will feel that the white man has much to explain and live down. Yet Mr. Foreman closes on a hopeful note. Once Indian removal was an accomplished fact, he shows, the Indians resolutely attacked the problems of pioneering in the strange country that confronted them:

> The rehabilitation of these five Indian nations, their readjustment to their new surroundings, the recovery of their national spirit and enterprise, the building of their farms and homes, their government and schools under the raw frontiers, bringing into being a higher civilization of Indians, this was an achievement unique in our history, that compares favorably with the best traditions of white frontier civilizations.

Charles J. Rhoads is in the office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Department of the Interior.

A first edition copy of Kipling's "Jungle Book," with a leaf inserted on which he had signed his name in four different ways, has been sold in London for £8 5s.

A Prisoner Speaks

PRISON DAYS AND NIGHTS. By VICTOR NELSON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1933. $2.75.

Reviewed by No. 84-901

AS one somewhat experienced in prison life, I believe this book to be the result of much constructive effort and thoughtful observation. On the whole it is a reasoned, restrained, and authoritative discussion of prisons and prisoners.

Certainly, to judge from his criminal record, Nelson can speak from a varied as well as a personal point of view. His approach to the problem of crime and criminals is as objective as is possible for one so long steeped in the atmosphere of bitterness which permeates all prisons to a greater or less degree. In keeping his mind active, he has found the most effective antidote for the malady he so clearly describes—prison stupor.

In the chapter on reforming the criminal, the Department of Commerce *Bulletin* (Bureau of Census) for 1928 is used in an attempt to controvert the statement, by Warden Lawes in his book, "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," that only twenty-five percent of the men who leave state prisons are returned for other crimes. Nelson has somehow missed the import of the figures given in the *Bulletin,* for of the 48,212 prisoners tabulated in the report, nothing is shown as to the previous criminal activities—if any—of 18,918. Nelson, therefore, conveniently leaves them out of his calculations because if he took account of them his figures would closely approximate those of Warden Lawes. Furthermore, Nelson concedes the unreliability of most of the statistics he has checked.

Since I too am a recidivist, I can readily understand the author's endeavor to prove himself, as a repeater, one of the majority of prison graduates rather than one of the minority. We both hate to admit that one dose of severe punishment—mine was administered in a New England prison similar to Charlestown—has not, apparently, convinced us that we cannot get away with criminal acts.

While they are interesting, the chapters on Ethics and Etiquette, Men without Women, and Remembered Conversations, reveal nothing new or startling. The method of reproducing the conflicting attitudes of prisoners toward those in authority by using the foul language of the prison yard has little to recommend it. Few will be surprised or shocked to read words that are in common use wherever men of average or less than average intelligence gather, whether it be in prison, in the army, in the navy, or in the smoking car. It is unfortunate that Nelson has thought that the verbatim recording of such discussions was necessary to simulate realism. This blemish on an otherwise well written analysis of prisoners may, and probably will, weigh heavily against the use of the book by schools, clubs, and other social groups. This is to be regretted because an understanding of the stultifying environment of most prisons is essential to the success of the efforts being made by forward-looking penologists to overcome the conditions depicted in "Prison Days and Nights."

The final chapter, "The Prisoner Speaks to the Psychiatrist," is perhaps the best in the book. In it is offered a direct challenge which sincere psychiatrists will find it difficult to answer: "When are they going to do something for us?"

No. 84-901 is at present serving a term in Sing Sing Prison.

ERRATA

"The Memoirs of Hector Berlioz," reviewed recently in *The Saturday Review,* were translated by Rachel Holmes and Eleanor Holmes, and the translation revised by Ernest Newman. It should have been pointed out that in addition to his work as a reviser Mr. Newman elaborately annotated the volume.

By an unfortunate error the price of Harold J. Laski's "Democracy in Crisis" was wrongly given in the review by Claude Bowers in the *Saturday Review* of April 15. The price of the book is $1.50.

Two plays about the Brontës are to be produced in London shortly. One is Miss Clemence Dane's "Wild Decembers" and the other is by Alfred Sangster.

Out-door books that will take the edge off Spring Fever... or make it worse

True North
by
Elliott Merrick
Two years adventures in Labrador. $2.75

Grain Race
by
Alan Villiers
"Another authentic epic of the sea"—N.Y. Tribune. 39 swell pictures $3.50

All In the Days Riding
by
Will James
All about the latest model cowboy, with 100 drawings $2.50

at bookstores ~ SCRIBNERS

New Mystery Book by
AGATHA CHRISTIE
The Tuesday Club Murders
$2.00 everywhere • DODD, MEAD

INSPECTOR FRENCH
tackles his hardest job in
The Strange Case of Dr. Earle
The New Mystery by
FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS

DODD MEAD $2

The Chinese way of life and thought based on superstition and belief in the spirit world.

THE MIND OF CHINA

By EDWIN D. HARVEY

Insight into Chinese character through their mythology, and religion.

$3.50

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

FAULKNER AS POET

A FRIEND of mine, the other day, ventured to say that those modern poets who ape the more Frazerian portions of "The Waste Land" may be said to have gone to the Golden Bough-wows. There is, indeed, a tendency among the more effete of our modern metrists to cull passages from Sir James George for the sweet uses of adversification. But it is of another redolence that I find our bleak and sinister prosateur, Mr. William Faulkner, guilty in his first large volume of verse, *A Green Bough* (Smith & Haas).

The Raven bleak and Philomel
Amid the bleeding trees were fixed.
His hoarse cry and hers were mixed
And through the dark their droppings fell

Upon the red erupted rose,
Upon the broken branch of peach
Blurred with scented mouths, that each
To another sing, and close.

The commencement of that strain is a whit rudely forced from Mr. Eliot. It is certainly a far cry from the Phœnix and the Turtle.

Again, I turn a few pages back and come upon

And bonny earth and bonny sky
And bonny 'll be the rain
And sun among the apple trees
When I've long slept again.

Is this some Border Ballad abominably going Housman? The eminent English poet would presumably rather be murdered in his bed than commit all those "bonnys." It is over an ocean far away indeed from his Shropshire that they lie!

There are other signs on other pages that, as is perhaps natural in a young and sensitive poet, the nostalgic accent of the English Heine has stolen upon Mr. Faulkner unaware.

Again, the e-e-cummings typographical arrangement takes his fancy:

for a moment an œon i pause plunging
above the narrow precipice of thy breast

and so on. There is an even worse apostrophe to lower-case cynthia, speaking of lower-case abelard and paris also lower-case that worms may, in the poet's own term, eviscerate for all of me.

"Lilith she is dead and safely tombed," he says in another place. Would she were! The trouble is that Philomel and Atthis and Cynthia and Paris and Lilith, and others, are all here again. Greetings, boys and girls! There is also the sonnet of the weary mouth and "pallid sly Still riddle of thy secret face" which really belongs back in the P. R. B. play-box of Rossetti and Swinburne.

Such things are strange in a writer whose impress upon prose is so individual. I had read in a newspaper review a callow affirmation that Faulkner's is the most important book of poetry of the season. But how is that possible?

The tendency among young reviewers is to become uncritical of any writer who has saliently achieved, and to gobble him whole. But that is assuredly to do him a disservice. Mr. Faulkner is an apt pupil in his poetry, choosing the most approved modern influences, but he can scarcely be said to have absorbed them.

The beginning of his book is the best, the broken conversation of the war-flier whose mind has been fatally injured and who lives in death—best of all, the chaos of his mind in the firelight, regarding a lady. The latter passage is vivid, strong, has something of the identity of Faulkner's prose, as he usually in his prose deals most convincingly with borderland cases.

Section III is good also, till IV goes e-e-cummings and V becomes wooden, and VI clumsily epigrammatic, and the Housman influence begins to assume proportions. It is too bad. Faulkner has something to say of Man the ploughman and youth first tasting love, but the voice is only intermittently his own. XVI—though now we are wary—seems better; but then follows the "o atthis" already referred to. XVIII, a youth's reverie on a hill, ends with a sudden and unexpected *chose vue*. We almost exclaim at

And saw the fleeing canyons of the sky
Tilt to banshee wire and slanted aileron,
And his own shape on scudding walls
Where harp the caseless thunders of the sun.

The first three lines of that are excellent, the last merely empty rhetoric of an old make. XIX gives us hauntingly the music of water. XX has a fine simplicity. Four poems later on comes a poignant fragment, as from the Greek. But the good and the bad are so mixed! There is no certain selection at work. Even in the last line of XXXV, "An old sorrow sharp as woodsmoke on the air," though one acknowledges a palpable hit, one cannot admit that a poem on the death of a courtesan, in such mood and cadence, is anything at all unusual. The dislocations of XXXVI, with the comparison of the wind to a leaping stallion, bring vaguely to mind Hart Crane. The poem is quite a *tour de force*. And in XL reappears a certain strange troubadour incarnation of Faulkner's. His publishers quote from the next, about the lady whose breast is green by reason of the sun through leaves of apple trees. It is a pretty, pagan picture of old time, phrased with rather more precision than usual. But that is all. The lively eroticism of XLIII is more original. And yet it is pretty cheap.

A most mixed exhibit! I have tried not to be hypercritical. It is taken for granted that Mr. Faulkner is no mere gifted amateur as a writer of prose—and yet that is just what he seems when it comes to poetry. He does not truly know his way about. His hand is still prentice. He almost seems to be precocious, peculiarly enough, rather than accomplished. There are gleams. There should be. But where is the impressively original and strikingly integrated personality? Not in this book.

INCORPORATE LIGHT

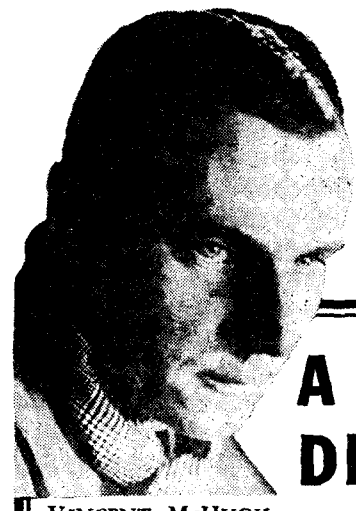
The publishers of Harold Lewis Cook (Harper & Brothers) tell us that Edna St. Vincent Millay has for some time been much interested in the work of this poet, and that it was through her interest that he came to select the poems in the volume before us, *Spell Against Death*. Miss Millay is not likely to be mistaken in an accent. The initial poem, "Fire Drift," has certainty of phrase and much insight:

Seas
Blown skyward or blown inland through the trees,
The icy poles, the midnight of the mind
Whose reason's gone, whose eye rolls wild and blind,
Are not more desolate nor more forsaken
Than two hearts stormed and by each other taken.

And the ending is rarely fortunate. In the third poem, "Ode," the accent begins even more to persuade. But I think it is later on, in "The Answer," that Mr. Cook arrives at his best. This is startlingly good. Meanwhile, in the perfect brief lyric, "The Stag," in the unusual "Against Heaven," in several of the sonnets, in the peculiar cadence of "The Sword," in "No More than Any Wind . . ." in the exordium of "Bring Your Lovers Near You," and in certain lines or certain phrases that startle from ambush in almost every poem, this poet reveals credentials with the Apollonian seal. He has learned, I should say, of Donne, of Elinor Wylie, of Miss Millay herself—the poem I like best, "The Answer," bears a dramatic trace of her—but he has learned well and thoroughly, and his thinking is his own. His verse is apparently easily wrought, until you observe its close-knit grain which bespeaks the hardest mental toil at the craft. There are imperfections, naturally, but there is great lyrical clarity, beautiful symmetry, "a "graven joy" (to quote Flecker). Consider his poem "Starlight" and you will not deny him the telescopic eye.

"GALE'S HOUSE"

In *Ten Women in Gale's House* by Walter Van Tilburg Clark (The Christopher Publishing House, Boston) I find some gleams of imagination. The long title poem involves a rather original idea, though the execution leaves a great deal to be desired and the poem really never comes into focus. Gale is a man of mystery and his bleak house rises on a sea cliff. Such a poet as Edwin Arlington Robinson might have made something arresting out of him and his fantasy. But if Mr. Clark has reached beyond his grasp, that is at least, a good fault, or so it seems to me after my perusal of reams on reams of jogging doggerel and flower fancies and stale apostrophes to Love and God!



VINCENT McHUGH
author of
SING BEFORE BREAKFAST

At All Bookstores
$2.00

A NOVELIST IS DISCOVERED . . .

LIGHTNING INTUITION — "Its muscles are hard, its lungs filled with good air, its head clear and its passion furious and never sappy. There are few American writers who can match him today in the lightning intuition and quick athleticism of language that galvanize *Sing Before Breakfast.*"
WILLIAM SOSKIN in the *N. Y. Eve. Post*

EXTRAORDINARY — "An extraordinary and interesting writer. I enjoyed *Sing Before Breakfast* thoroughly." NOEL COWARD

VALID POETRY — "A closely knit, rapid prose style which explodes at appropriate intervals into valid poetry. There is much valid observation and excellent writing. The quick flash of melodrama at its climax is brilliantly engineered."
Herald-Tribune Books

PAY ORE — "With the appearance of *Sing Before Breakfast* it is evident that pay ore has been struck. McHugh is the man they have all been looking for. He has made a magnificent novel."
JOSEPH H. JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle.*

A GREAT NOVEL — "A great novel. It has everything—good talk, rich character studies and inexorable plot, a skilfully limned background. Readers will do well to treasure their first copies of *Sing Before Breakfast*" —*Newark Evening News*

SING *before* BREAKFAST

SIMON AND SCHUSTER • 386 FOURTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY

"I like a man who takes the breaks as they come and goes out quiet."

GAMBLER'S WIFE

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE says: 'It has been years since I have been so moved by the verities of any yarn This is life in the raw, jerked and gnawed out of a genuine human experience. Its vitality seems to me to have something immortal in it." This is the genuine autobiography of the wife of an old-time gambling man. $3.00

The Midst of Life
MINA CURTISS
This distinguished first novel—an Atlantic Monthly serial—tells the profoundly moving story of a happy marriage $1.90

Storm Beach
VIRGINIA HERSCH
Ludwig Lewisohn calls this story of old Charleston "a charming book, beautifully felt and sensitively done." Julia Peterkin:—"A fascinating account of a highly civilized people" $2.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I was a SPY!

By MARTHE McKENNA

From Coast to Coast Critics call it

"the best of all spy books"

"Quite the most thrilling spy story I have read." —*Harry Hansen in Harper's Magazine.*

"Beggars the most adventurous fiction. . . . Marthe was a real spy. Compared to hers, the adventures of Roy-Ed and Mata Hari were only kindergarten espionage."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"From first page to last, it is a thrilling, breath-taking book."—*N. Y. Times.*

"For sheer excitement we haven't found its like in a long time."—*Denver Post.*

"Mata Hari and Yeats-Brown lived dull lives in comparison with the life of Marthe."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Breath-taking adventures . . . melodramatic, exciting, chaotic."—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

"A succession of hair-raising experiences and the narrowest of narrow escapes."—*Galveston News.*

"Has more thrills to the square inch than an Edgar Wallace thriller."—*Journal, San Rafael, California.*

"One of the most remarkable narratives of the war."—*Dayton Daily News.*

"Her tale is thrilling. I could not put out my light till four o'clock in the morning."—*Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, British Sec. of State for War.*

Third Printing. Illustrated $2.75.

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & CO.
4 WEST 16th STREET, NEW YORK

UNOFFICIALLY

The Real Biography of

D. H. LAWRENCE'S

Years in America

Here, in a surprisingly frank biography, is a vivid, intimate picture of that strange, little understood author of "Lady Chatterley's Lover," "The Rainbow," "Sons and Lovers."

The Honorable Dorothy Brett came over from England to be with Lawrence. She was his close friend and secretary during his four years in America.

Out of their work and play and life together during those years, she brings you a fine, honest picture of the man whose writings are considered among the greatest in modern English literature. *With 13 illustrations.*

Now at All Bookstores, $3 • **(LIPPINCOTT)**

LAWRENCE
A FRIENDSHIP
AND BRETT

By the Honorable DOROTHY BRETT

H. W. FREEMAN

author of "Joseph and His Brethren" conceives a situation new among novels of English farm life

FEW novelists have written of English farm life with the color, warmth and understanding of Freeman. Now, against the Suffolk background made famous in his earlier novels, he tells the dramatic story of a beautiful Italian peasant girl, brought back as the war-bride of Dick Brundish to be the mistress of Pond Hall. $2.00

Pond Hall's Progress

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY ONE PARK AVE., NEW YORK

A Letter from Greece

By GEORGE PANOU

THE day of the reburial of the remains of John Psicharis, in Chios last summer, was a very literary one indeed. He was born at Odessa, Russia, of Greek parents in 1854. Chios Island, however (the scene of the awful massacres of 1822), is his original "patria." He died in Paris three years ago, on the 29th of September, 1929, as a result of the disease on account of which one of his legs had been amputated some time before. He had received his education in France where his family was settled. In 1894 he became professor of modern Greek in the Paris School of Superior Historical and Literary Studies. In 1904 he took the same post in the School of Oriental Languages of the same city and held it up to the last. He was the leader of Neohellenic Demoticism in the fight with the schoolmasters, which was at its height in 1900-1902. His sermon may not have been entirely without blemish but it has unquestionably done a great deal. "My Journey," the now famous book, was his first polemic work and was published in Greece in 1888. He wrote both in modern Greek and French and achieved distinction in both. His first wife was the daughter of Ernest Renan. He is now remembered as one of the principal characters in the struggle for the linguistic emancipation of contemporary Greece.

The passing away of Kostas Paroritis was rather sudden, and certainly untimely, for he was not old. A teacher of Greek, a Laconian, one of the chief workers of the language "revolt" of 1900-1920, a socialist and an amiable fellow. Not a bad prose writer either. His literary reputation rests mainly on his "Hours of Evening," "The Father," "Before the Mast," "The Red He-Goat," and "The Two Roads."

Last year saw the publication (in Mytilene) of another war book of considerable merit. It is "Number 31328," by Elias Venezis, who like Myrivilis, the author of last year's best seller, is a well known Mytilenian short story writer. A very powerful work. It is about a prisoner of war, of 1921, in the hands of the Kemalist Turks, and has received unanimous approval. The book is full of examples of beautiful Greek, keen observation, high thinking, craftsmanship, and healthy realism. If a little overdone, it matters not.

Original and powerful also is the work recently published in Athens by the poet K. Varnalis, a writer of merit. It is called "The True Apology of Socrates" but has very little to do with antiquity. Varnalis is the author of several small volumes of poems that have beauty and strength.

Anghelos Sikelianos has given us another collection of his interesting and classic-spirited verses. He is an engaging personality. His effort to revive the classic drama at Delphi has not borne fruit, perhaps not unjustly.

To 1932 also belonged the publication of a book of sonnets by our representative poet, the much talked of, K. Palamas. His contemporary, G. Drossinis, has likewise added another volume of verses of wide interest to the year's total in his "He Said."

By the way the art of book-making "per se" has gone on a little with us, I am glad to say. I myself can testify to the noticeable difference between the appearance of the books of, say, 1915 and that of the books of 1932. To the newly founded and modern Pyrsos Press, who are also the publishers of the "Encyclopedia Graeca Magna," now in the process of completion, really belongs the greater part of the credit for the setting of the example. And this in spite of the deplorable state of our finances.

A volume of poems "Divine Gifts," by Z. Papantoniou, was received very favorably last Spring (Athens, Demetrakos). Its author is counted one of our better writers of prose and is really an art critic of no mean merit. A very promising novelist is the journalist D. Kokkinos, who first appeared as an historical writer. His stories are read by many.

In Athens, Greece, a woman poet is born! A poetess if you like. She is Miss Hebe Kouyas (married very recently I believe). Her small volume of poems "Prophecies" (Athens) was published a few months ago and was greeted with exceptional praise all around. Almost a sensation. Subjective and a little bookish perhaps but very elegant lines. She is not a newcomer entirely. Two or three years ago she gave us her "Insects' Voices."

M. Arghyropoulos is a Greek writer from Smyrna (Turkey), now living here of course. He had a prominent place among the writers of the one time Greek Irredentia, and he is still writing. He is also a politician and belongs to the Liberal Party (Venizelos). His latest work is a volume of moving poems entitled "Songs of the Past and of the Present" (Athens).

Of Sotiris Skipis, the productive and popular poet, I have spoken before. He, too, holds a prominent place in the literary gallery, being the author of more than five volumes of poems. Best known among these is his "Anthology."

Aristos Kambanis, the ex-president of the Greek Newspaper Editors' Association, is a literary critic who commands respect and an author as well. Well known is his rather concise "History of Neohellenic Literature." Along with him I should mention the most industrious historian of our literary development (1000 A.D. and on), Elias Voutieridis. He is a constant admirer of Palamas and an assistant in the National Library.

And now I must mention one more traveller to the Great Beyond. He has just left. I mean the author of "Shadows," the beautiful symbolic lyrics of 1920, Lambros Porphyras. He belonged to a family of Chios Island (like Psycharis) but had lived in Piræus nearly all his life in glorious and very musical seclusion. He was born in 1880. A second volume of poems "The Voices of the Sea" has been found in his papers and is to be published.

Thrasos Kastanakis is a rather young Greek writer (born in Stamboul, Turkey) who lives in Paris, France. He happens to be one of the most faithful disciples (not in everything, however) of Psycharis, having had very close relations with him when alive. What I like about him is that he is, like our other able novelist, a successful prose writer. He is the author of the following stories: "The Princes," "Felicita the Dancer," "Paris of Night and Love," "In the Dance of Europe," "The Whip and Other Stories." His latest (September 1932, Athens) is the "Race of Men."

* John Harwood Bacon translated a selection of this poet's verses in 1928, under the title "Patterns From a Grecian Loom." (London, Unwin Brothers.)

A Letter From England

By MARTIN WELLS

THE publishing trade in England has been in a turmoil and reference to a recent *Publisher & Bookseller* — the organ of the trade — soon reveals the cause in several pages of impassioned print. A well-known firm of cigarette manufacturers gave away books in return for their coupons, and booksellers, who are feeling the depression like the rest, see more of their trade evaporating.

I write from the Midlands, only a few miles from Eastwood, birthplace of D. H. Lawrence, an uninteresting little town in the coal-mining country. His memory lives rather in disgrace still hereabouts and his work is not accorded the enthusiasm which is being aroused in other regions. Lawrence's testamentary matters were before the High Court recently. Having been adjudged intestate at the time of his death, his widow has now been allowed to propound a will, claimed to have been lost during his wanderings (probably in Mexico).

Searching among some old rubbish in my lumber room a few days back I made two interesting discoveries. The one, an old Bible published by the Oxford University Printer in 1755. It contained the Apocrypha, Concordance, a full index, Scripture table of weights and measures, and sundry prayers, including one (to be recited on November 5th annually) "for the happy deliverance of King James I and the three Estates of England from the most traiterous and bloody intended Massacre by Gunpowder." The other, an old textbook for the use of Justices of the Peace with quaintly inscribed fly-leaf—"Thomas Hesting is my name. Braybrooke is my dwellingplace. England is my nation. And Christ is my salvation."

Willa Cather's "Obscure Destinies" was published over here not long ago and has been well received by the critics, but all refer to the book as slight, my personal impression too. J. B. Priestley describes Miss Cather as the finest artist in modern American fiction. Likewise we have just had Phil Stong's "State Fair"—with its rich atmosphere and honest consideration of characters and recommendation by the Book Society.

As a follower right through from the beginning of "Human Being" in the B. G. I am glad to find this true-to-life story now available in book form. Your Christopher Morley does not quite enjoy the large public I would wish for in this isle but I was glad to note a friend of mine enjoying his "Swiss Family Manhattan" and to discover an English first edition copy of "John Mistletoe" at Edgar Backus's famous Leicester bookshop recently.

Compton Mackenzie was charged not long ago with revealing secret information (contrary to the Official Secrets Acts) in his latest book on wartime memories in Greece.

Roger Fleming, the oldest inhabitant of Ambleside (Cumberland) died recently in his ninetieth year. He worked as a tailor in the same business for seventy years. Mr. Fleming remembered Wordsworth, who died in 1850, pulling his hair in school when unable to answer a question, and telling him to brighten up! He also remembered Hartley Coleridge and De Quincey.

Laurence Binyon, who is to retire in the autumn from his position as Keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, has accepted the Charles Eliot Norton Professorship of Poetry at Harvard University. Mr. Binyon, who is sixty-three, has spent forty years at the Museum.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

"Revolution, 1776"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: The fact that Mr. Preston's "Revolution 1776" has so quickly gone into a second edition and been so extravagantly praised by Van Loon and Rupert Hughes would seem to justify very critical examination of it. It is backed by a vast bibliography to which, however, no footnotes refer.

Now when an author gives no direct authorities for his statements other, of course, than those of accepted fact, what standards does he set himself? May he invent or imagine, without so stating? How much may he borrow from his sources without acknowledgment?

May Mr. Preston criticize Washington at Long Island for failure to use cavalry as though the idea were his own when it really belongs to Charles Francis Adams? May he properly say later, "But, as we have seen before, Washington did not understand the uses of cavalry," when he really means, as Charles Francis Adams points out (p. 60, "Studies Military and Diplomatic"), "Washington has apparently no conception of the uses to be made of cavalry."

I have no encyclopædic knowledge of the Revolution, but the errors in the field I do know lead me to wonder about the book's general accuracy. I know, for example, that it is absurd to say that "Washington scattered frenzied little groups of men all over the North American Continent . . . they were completely without means of communication with the rest of the Army." "All over the North American Continent" (including Alaska and Mexico?) is schoolboy writing: and to refer, as it evidently must, if it means anything, to Clark at Vincennes, Brodhead at Fort Pitt, Montgomery in Canada, Sullivan at Chemung, as "frenzied" is just being uninformed. And as to their communications, they were magnificent, as reference to such collections as the Clark Papers, Clinton Papers, Brodhead Papers will indicate.

Joseph Brant is called "the white savage." Why white, he was an Iroquois? And who says St. Leger and Johnson hacked at each other's throats going back from Stanwix? Brant and the British are said to have had headquarters at "the romantic wilderness castle of the late Sir William Johnson . . . where they created diabolic schemes." Johnson Hall, to which he evidently refers, was in Continental hands from the summer of 1776 throughout the war. The accounts of Wyoming and Cherry Valley are without a word of truth.

Was Gage Royal Governor of Massachusetts? I thought he was Commander-in-Chief in North America.

Samuel Adams, Preston says, was really "the Father of His Country. Adams *conceived* the infant and Washington saved its life." What a conception.

The horrors of the '76 retreat across the Jerseys were really, we find, greatly mitigated. Mr. Preston has discovered that every farmhouse could serve "Madeira . . . and more Madeira . . . the Madeira was good." Madeira in New Jersey farmhouses? And it is also a new idea that the Continentals lacked firewood. They were obliged to "gnaw on hunks of frozen soup." Extraordinary.

Throughout the book there is an amazing mass of detailed anecdote which must lead many readers to wonder. I mean all that drinking and those women, and all those fat men and that bad language, and where people got shot. But of course Mr. Preston can always ask doubters, Was you there, Charlie?

"Washington defended Philadelphia out of sheer fear—fear of what his own people would say . . . if he lost the capital. A good general pays no attention to the hysteria of his people." So Lee before Richmond and Grant before Washington were no good? And, incidentally, Washington "panic-stricken" in the days before Brandywine? Panic-stricken?

Then about Germantown: the defeat is in part attributed to weariness of "bleareyed men who had not slept for days." For days, Mr. Preston, not a wink, as Dorothy Parker somewhere asked. Why not? They had been at rest "for days" till the night before.

And about "Ogden's New York Militia" at Germantown. They weren't militia, they were Continentals. They weren't New York, they were New Jersey. But it is a small matter.

Now I can't believe, nor have I ever seen any authority for it, that even Gates could play cards the whole day of the Bemis Heights action, nor that Burgoyne's "fine red coat was riddled by grapeshot." Really riddled?

On page 153 Mr. Preston is very critical of Washington's drilling his men in imported European battle tactics at Morristown. If this was so heinous, why on page 225 is it so splendid to have Steuben teaching Prussian tactics at Valley Forge?

And would it not have been a gracious thing to acknowledge that the last two paragraphs of the book are so closely adapted from "The Spirit of the Revolution," by the great scholar, John C. Fitzpatrick?

There is an omission from the index, which scholars will sorely regret. No mention is made of "stomach (belly)." There could have been upward of forty-two references to it.

HOWARD SWIGGETT.

In Reply to Mr. Mather

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: After such an understanding and appreciative review as that by Professor Frank Jewett Mather of my biography of Thomas Eakins, in your issue of April 8th, I should not like to seem ungracious, but certain statements seem to call for comment.

Professor Mather says that "there are naturally minor inaccuracies and here and there a slip in judgment," and then goes on to say that "the New York critics cannot fairly be charged with neglect of Eakins," as "he rarely exhibited at New York, and even at Philadelphia only fitfully." He also disagrees with my statement that the tardy recognition came chiefly from critics favorable to the newest movements.

Professor Mather, who was critic of the *New York Evening Post* for several years during the latter part of Eakins's career, naturally does not wish to see any injustice done to his colleagues. But it seems to me that he has given considerably more emphasis to the attitude of the critics than I myself have. In my book much more space is devoted to the treatment given Eakins by his own city, Philadelphia—and by institutions and clients there, rather than by critics. In only one place did I single out the New York critics: in the affair of the Gross Clinic in the 'seventies; and here I have done little more than quote from their own writings. My comparatively few references to criticism have been general; and I do not think that it would be possible to dispute the correctness of the conclusion that Eakins received considerably less critical attention than many more popular contemporaries.

As concerns the opportunities to see his work, it is not quite correct to say that he rarely exhibited in New York, and in Philadelphia only fitfully. It is true that in his middle years he showed little in New York (a fact which I point out); but he had showed there often in earlier years, and from 1902 on was represented in most of the annual exhibitions of the National Academy and the Society of American Artists. In Philadelphia, except for a break in the late 'eighties, he showed regularly at the Pennsylvania Academy; from 1894 to his death in 1916, in every annual exhibition. The World's Fair in Chicago included a group of ten of his most important works; and he showed regularly at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, and most of the big expositions.

The relative share of conservative and radical critics in the recognition of Eakins after his death is naturally more a matter of opinion. The critic who devoted most space and the highest praise to the memorial exhibition was Henry McBride; and for several years thereafter most of the writing about Eakins, aside from reviews of exhibitions, was done by such critics as Mr. McBride in *The Dial*, Walter Pach in *The Freeman*, and Forbes Watson and Alan Burroughs in *The Arts*. It was Mr. Burroughs who published in *The Arts* the first thorough biographical and personal studies and the first catalogue of Eakins's work.

The above facts, most of which are given in my book, might admit of slightly varying interpretations or emphasis; but I do not feel that Professor Mather has pointed out anything which could be correctly described as an "inaccuracy."

New York City. LLOYD GOODRICH.

BOOKS FOR SPRING READING

FROM

The Inner Sanctum of SIMON AND SCHUSTER

386 Fourth Avenue, New York City

NON-FICTION

TSCHIFFELY'S RIDE The story of a 10,000 mile ride on horseback from Buenos Aires to Washington. $3.00

***A PHILOSOPHY OF SOLITUDE by* JOHN COWPER POWYS.** The author of *Wolf Solent* writes a book on the art of living alone. $2.00

***VAN LOON'S GEOGRAPHY by* HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.** The book that put the map on the map, now in its 138th thousand $3.75

***THE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION by* LEON TROTSKY.** History written by the man who made it, now complete in 3 vols. $10.00

***THE ART OF FRIENDSHIP by* ABEL BONNARD.** A charming and witty analysis of a noble subject. For civilized people only. $1.75

***WHAT WE LIVE BY by* ABBE ERNEST DIMNET.** What *The Art of Thinking* did for the mind, *What We Live By* does for the soul. $2.50

FICTION

***GOD'S ANGRY MAN by* LEONARD EHRLICH.** The first novel, by a twenty-seven year-old writer, which won him a Guggenheim Fellowship. $2.50

***SERVANT'S ENTRANCE by* SIGRID BOO.** A delightfully simple story of the adventures of a girl who took a job as housemaid on a bet. $2.00

***MASK OF SILENUS by* BABETTE DEUTSCH.** The real story of the witty and lovable old man known to the world as Socrates. $2.00

***A YANKEE ROVER by* CHRISTOPHER WARD.** Two-fisted adventure in the days of young America. A sequel to *The Strange Adventures of Jonathan Drew.* $2.50

DIVERTISSEMENTS

***A NEW WAY TO BETTER GOLF by* ALEX MORRISON.** The book that has lowered the scores of 40,000 golfers. *Guaranteed to lower yours.* $2.00

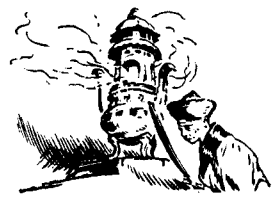
***MONEY CONTRACT by* P. HAL SIMS.** Indisputably the greatest master of bridge, Sims shows the average player how to win with his methods. $2.00

***FUN IN BED Edited by* FRANK SCULLY.** The book that sits up with your sick friend for you—and can give *you* hours of fun, too. $2.00

***MENTAL WHOOPEE by* JEROME MEYER.** What to do 'til the milkman comes. Games that will keep any party going — and we don't mean home! $1.00

The House of Exile

By NORA WALN



"This is a book of exceptional quality."
—*J. Donald Adams*
in New York Times Book Review

"Undoubtedly one of the most delightful books of personal experience that has yet been written about China. Its authenticity is beyond question."
—*Pearl S. Buck*
in Saturday Review of Literature

"A remarkable book. A book to be bought, read more than once and cherished."
—*Louise Jordan Miln*

"It is an important addition to the limited list of real revelations of China to the West."
—*Lewis Gannett*
in New York Herald Tribune

Illustrated by C. Le Roy Baldridge. An Atlantic Book
Second Printing. $3.00 Everywhere

Boston LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY *Publishers*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Fiction

FOREST FIRE. By REX STOUT. Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.

This is a good example of the modern novel which sets out deliberately to make fiction out of abnormal psychology. The care with which Mr. Stout builds up his background and gives us details in regard to his people does not entirely conceal the fact that the narrative surface is always tightly stretched over a skeleton of laboratory principles. There is, of course, no particular reason why this means of construction should not result in a book as effective and as true to life as any springing from a less controlled impulse, provided the author can vitalize his puppets sufficiently. There are three main participants in Mr. Stout's intrigue, which takes place in the forest regions of Montana, where an elaborate governmental service is necessary to check forest fires during the dry summer season. The Chief Ranger, Stan Durham, is not an attractive personality, though he may be an efficient fire fighter. Nor is the girl who comes to stay at one of his posts, looking for adventure in the West, particularly interesting. The boy, Harry, who brings emotional confusion and eventually tragedy into both their lives is a more cheerful specimen, though even in his case Mr. Stout has felt it necessary to hint at mysteries beneath a happy and careless exterior.

The drama which Mr. Stout has arranged is largely centered on the distinctly abnormal Stan Durham, but the cards are rather unfairly stacked against him by the author. There is much space devoted to the clinical details of Stan's reactions to his friendship with Harry, and in the author's obvious eagerness to prove his point he ends by making him something of an unbelievable figure. If in the end it is doubtful, in spite of much excellent material and straightforward writing, whether "Forest Fire" is a good novel, it is largely because of this lack of imagination. There are moments, in fact, when something extraneous, not devoted to the main purpose of the book, would be welcome, and would enhance its effect. The whole is convincing and workmanlike, but not memorable, and Mr. Stout's people, always a little flat and abstract, follow too often a preconceived line of conduct, and too little the devices of their own hearts.

FAMILY REUNION. By JANET CURREN OWEN. Harper. 1933. $2.

At Christmas old Mrs. Brinton's family grudgingly returned to the ugly house in Jersey City. They were an odd assortment: there was Opal, who had married a chauffeur, thus putting herself beyond the pale so far as her sister Beryl was concerned. Sylvia, the widow of the only son, returned from her secret life in Baltimore, there to encounter the two daughters she had deserted years before—Harriet, married to a painter; Rosamund, separated from her wealthy husband. All Mrs. Brinton's boarders were gone for the day, with the exception of Mr. Werner, who was the old lady's star-boarder and a candidate for her aging hand.

The reunion was typical of many others, but on this particular Christmas there were many undercurrents of emotion, petty jealousy, and hatred at work, intensified by the animosity of years and the purely fortuitous events that the past year had wrought in the fortunes of the individual daughters, sons-in-law, granddaughters. There was a great-granddaughter too. The old lady's fluttering and ineffectual attempts to make things run smoothly broke down by the time the day had run its course, but it was the presence of Mr. Werner in the house that brought about the final débâcle.

These many elements in constant interaction, Mrs. Owen has handled with an easy narrative talent—certain complications she resolves, others are brought to a momentary head. Rosamund rejoins her husband; Beryl, the self-righteous, loud-mouthed, martyred daughter receives a momentary set-back; the future is cleared for Mrs. Brinton's fourth romantic escapade; the daughter-in-law, Sylvia, returns to Baltimore to her illegitimate son and her married lover. "Family Reunion" makes consistently entertaining reading and should make a better motion-picture than the average.

SON OF EARTH. By HOWARD ERICKSON. Dial. 1933. $2.

Here is fiction reduced to its lowest common denominator—short, simple declarative sentences, relating in a matter of fact manner the life of Tolf Luvversen, Danish farmhand in Iowa. It is a chronicle of unremitting toil, simple aspirations, strong passions. Tolf was determined to make something of himself—a doctor, a preacher, anything that would lift him above the drab life of his family and the back-breaking labor he had known from childhood. To this end he studied by himself and dreamed more than he studies. He would save his money and go to school—but then it would be nice to have a bright new buggy and an "English" girl. He got the buggy, but the American girl made a fool of him, used him for her own purposes, threw him aside when she had no further use for him and he got nothing from the relationship but a heartache.

This circumstantial account of the day-to-day life of an inarticulate Danish farmhand possesses startling verisimilitude to life. Written throughout in the present indicative ("Tolf does not try to comfort Christine, and she goes snuffling to her room. He undresses and gets into bed, thinking of what lies before him,"), unrelieved by any concern for rhetoric or "fine writing," detailing the surface aspects of life and making no direct attempt to analyze motives or the sources of action, it nevertheless manages to achieve cumulative force, indicate the origin of motives, and suggest the sources of action. As such it is a thoroughly successful portrayal of a life that does not easily lend itself to fictional technique, that, in fiction, usually either sinks into dulness or explodes into melodrama.

SOME TAKE A LOVER. By ANN DU PRE. Macaulay. 1933. $2.

Under a title which obviously plays for the let's-be-shocked public and with a jacket so specifically anatomical that it defeats its own purpose, this novel unrolls an old enough story in a modern journalese manner. An old woman is dying and there is a fortune to be intrigued for. The grandchildren gather at the Long Island country house and await death, getting in as many last minute bids for the inheritance as possible. The story is told mostly in conversational form that is bright enough to keep the reader's mind off the belabored theses. "Some Take A Lover" is one more of those novels which seem to be taking the place of the old long short-story in fiction magazines. As such they fill their brief entertainment turn, but even the slight permanence of book covers rests too heavily upon them.

THE EYES OF LOVE. By WARWICK DEEPING. McBride. 1933. $2.

A somewhat idyllic love story, entirely free of any clinical manner, this is hardly in the prevailing mode of current fiction yet one may hazard the opinion that it is something better than most of the brazenly clever, ultra-modern studies. It has no taint of Victorian pruderies, no hypocritical moralization, and it never descends into sentimentality. Its pathos and tragedy are genuine, its characters subtly understood and fully portrayed, and the composition as a whole is well proportioned. Although it leads to a "happy ending," neatly buttoned up in a conventional "lived-happily-ever-after," that does no violence to probabilities, and is artistically satisfying. The story plays against a background of the rural England which Mr. Deeping portrays with finely sympathetic understanding.

HIZZONER THE MAYOR. By JOEL SAYRE. Day. 1933. $2.

Carrying burlesque to the point at which it becomes burlesque on itself, this snappy story presents in transparent disguise some of the jazziest antics of Jimmy Walker and "Big Bill" Thompson, late Mayors of New York and Chicago, respectively, with laughable but essentially undistorting exaggeration. If the laugh is really upon the American voter, that, too, is a fair hit. Rival campaign sensations reach their climax in a successful scheme for keeping Negro voters from the polls by enticing them to a wholesale baptizing, but the candidate who wins by this ruse is compelled to share the expected spoils of victory with his defeated rival, the outgoing Mayor. A few respectable citizens figure in the narrative, but they are of a sort to make respectability odious. Drinking parties, a beauty contest, and an unconvincing series of murder mysteries help to speed up the action to an appropriately absurd finish.

TUNCHI. By CARL LIDDLE and DAVID THIBAULT. Century. 1933. $2.

This is something much better than merely another "jungle novel," or tale of strenuous adventure in the South American "green hell." It is engrossing enough merely as romantic adventure, but, in addition, its Indians are not of the conventional wooden variety, but convincingly human beings. It seems to be anthropologically sound, based upon intelligent observation and first hand study of the Jivaran head-hunting tribes of the "oriente" of Ecuador, that little known hinterland the ownership of which is still in dispute.

The plot of the tale is built upon the quest of a young American who enters the jungle in search of a missing compatriot. This leads him into association with the Indians and also brings contacts with the few traders—"jungle rats"—who exist in the remote districts. It runs through a long series of adventures, including tribal feuds, wars, slave trading, and, above all experiences in Indian witchcraft, and observation of the process of head-shrinking which produces the "tsantsa" or dried head. The Indians, and half breeds, are drawn with skill and apparent understanding; even the heroine is more than a lay figure. The total result is a story of unusual quality, especially in its execution.

THE WATER WHEEL. By JULIAN L. SHAPIRO. New York: The Dragon Press. 1933. $2.50.

This is naturalism reductio ad absurdum. Following in the wake of Joyce and Stein, it is chronologically right, and in parts, combines the eccentricities of both.

The story concerns itself with the few actions and many thoughts of John Sanford, law-clerk, ex-convict, sinner, legatee of a Litvak match-vendor, and New Yorker in the most provincial sense. Were it not for the fact that Sanford clearly states that he is a graduate of a college in Easton, Pennsylvania, and that he has been two years clerking in a law office, the proverbial sensitive adolescent of seventeen would characterize him; it does anyway. Completely absorbed in his own undisciplined mental meanderings and speculations, Sanford thinks and thinks through the pages of his novel. And every New Yorker who has traveled in subways, walked in Central Park, or eaten at Childs will find some brain child of Julian Shapiro's (John Sanford's) that he can call his own. For this author is observant; and a sensitive passage is almost as frequent as a coarse one.

If the reader enjoys, or believes in the literary value of detailed descriptions of run over dogs, sputum, urinals, the taste of a dime, or manure in a rainstorm, he will find all that, and more, in "The Water Wheel." If he believes that every man is entitled to spell, punctuate, and create words as he pleases, Shapiro will gratify that notion too. If the obscenities of taxi-drivers and drabs is interesting, interest abounds in this book. If an exotic format and type-setting are stimulating, the yellow and green "Water Wheel" will satisfy. And if these qualities make for literature, why then "The Water Wheel" is that. But do they?

International

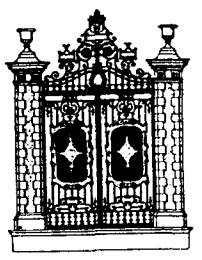
EUROPE AND THE AMERICAN TARIFF. By O. FRED BOUCKE. Crowell. 1933. $1.50.

With President Roosevelt, at the behest of the "brain trust," plunging us rapidly towards the goal of a "planned society," O. Fred Boucke's "Europe and the American Tariff" has some claim upon the attention. Like Lawrence Dennis, Mr. Boucke knows that the free trader's universal paradise which was the dream of the Manchester economists is an impossibility until we have the world state. Differences in currencies, wage rates, social services, local inventiveness, costs, climatic conditions, inevitably give rise to tariffs in a world of nationalist states. The end of free trade is cheapness, the end of protection is security. "You pays your money and you takes your choice." This doesn't mean that the benefits of security are always passed along to the working population, or that tariffs on finished goods foisted upon a commodity-exporting country do not wreak havoc with the farmers and owners of raw material who find the balance of trade seriously disturbed by having to sell in an unprotected market while they buy in a protected market. Mr. Boucke is aware of the tension existing in a tariff-infested world. Yet price levels under free trade can be smashed in such a way as to get just as much tension through the application of the Manchester tenets. It's a vicious circle. So Mr. Boucke comes out, at the close, for more planning, for "production for domestic consumption, a steadied social economy. . . ." He is against unlimited capital export. His way lies autarchy. This would involve us in its own difficulties. But this is also matter for another book.

MEN OF MARACAIBO. By JONATHAN NORTON LEONARD. Putnams. 1933. $2.50.

Jonathan Leonard has his prejudices. Possibly because he has written a book about Henry Ford, he is sick of talk about economics, social problems, and the machine age. He dislikes government. He is tired of hypocrisy, yessing the boss, and synthetic liquor. He doesn't cotton to bridge. The termite-men, as he calls them, who are going Fascist or Communist appall him. He doesn't like the American practice of turning out junk to sell to foreign nations who have to borrow American money to pay for the shipments. He is, in short, in a pretty bad way. Yet he has a refuge—the Maracaibo Lake region of Venezuela. Here, where Americans were pumping oil in the late New Economic Era before East Texas glutted the market and put the Venezuelan fields at a disadvantage, there are no sociologists, little prudent greed, a lot of blessed confusion, tolerance, laziness and indepen-

Open this gate . . .



"*The first* ADULT *novel of college life.*"—*New York Herald Tribune*

BEHIND it is the Harvard Yard, scene of one of the most remarkable novels of 1933! NOT TO EAT, NOT FOR LOVE—a story of college, but a novel in which the miniature world of life in a university is written with a scope inclusive as life itself. Structurally, it is built around the story of Epes Todd. His romance—the fresh, clean passion of young love — and his fortunes are followed closely during his Junior year; but between the chapters of his story you meet all the personalities that make up a great university.

NOT TO EAT, NOT FOR LOVE

by GEORGE WELLER

"*Brilliant!*"—HERALD TRIBUNE "BOOKS"

$2.50 at all bookstores

HARRISON SMITH *and* ROBERT HAAS

17 East 49th Street, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dence. No Latin American government, says Mr. Leonard, the philosophical anarchist, has ever dreamed of shaping the lives of its non-political citizens. There is no proletariat in South America, for a "proletariat is merely the exploited base of a highly industrialized structure, and there are no industrial structures worth the name in South America." "Best of all, there is a wonderful store of what-the-hell spirit. Every one is affected by it." Mr. Leonard certainly is. And his book about Maracaibo, brash, amusing, full of good talk, is a what-the-hell book. Those who have followed James Norman Hall to Tahiti, Hickman Powell to Bali, Ernest Hemingway to the Café du Dome and Spain, numerous worshippers of maize-culture to Mexico and Norman Matson to Cape Cod should get one last fillip of escape out of Mr. Leonard's book before the termite-men regiment the world and suppress Mr. Leonard.

Brief Mention

Among books on travel *France on Fifty Dollars* by Sydney A. Clark (McBride, $1.90) tells you how cheaply you can see France, especially if you are married. * * * Among recent books in the field of science, two little manuals in *A Century of Progress* series, *Earth Oil* by Gustave Egloff, and *Time, Space and Atoms*, by Richard T. Cox (Century, each $1), deserve mention, and also an elaborate and technical symposium, important as a reference book for students of agricultural economics, *The Agricultural Systems of Middle Europe*, edited by O. S. Morgan (Macmillan, $5). *Forced Labor in the United States* by Walter Wilson, with an introduction by Dreiser, is a study of chain gangs and convict labor generally, a brief and a powerful one against the practice. * * * An interesting miscellaneous group of books now on the new bookshelves contains Harold Coolidge's and Theodore Roosevelt's *Three Kingdoms of Indo-China*, a book which, as its authorship suggests, contains both adventure and valuable social studies. The photographs are excellent (Crowell, $3). Next, *The Shorthand Letters of Samuel Pepys*, transcribed and edited by Edwin Chappell (Macmillan, $2.75). These letters are from Pepys's important Navy files and deal with business rather than with music and his amorous pleasures. It is curious that they have never been published before. Also, *Scottish Abbeys in Social Life*, by G. G. Coulton (Macmillan, $3). This is a scholarly history beginning with Celtic monachism, and is a valuable contribution to the *Cambridge Studies in Medieval Life and Thought*. Finally, an interesting group of brief biographical studies of our contemporaries, *Friends of Men* by Charles F. Thwing (Macmillan, $3). The subjects are most of them educators or statesmen. Among better known names it is interesting to note William Roscoe Thayer, Talcott Williams, Henry T. Finck, Barrett Wendell, Frank Emory Bunts, and William Pepper. * * * Special note should be made of the new edition, two volumes in one, of Charles A. and Mary R. Beard's *The Rise of American Civilization* which has already become a standard volume for all interested in the social history of America. This new edition contains a new chapter which brings the "interpretation of American history and American life through Coolidge's administration, Hoover's term of office, with the problems of the depression, foreign debts, and trade, etc., down to the election campaign of 1932 (Macmillan, $3.50). * * * *Maria Jane Jewsbury: Occasional Papers Selected, With a Memoir*, by Eric Gillett (Oxford, $2) is a memorial to a "charming, vivacious, and exceptionally talented woman" whose literary career belongs in the first half of the nineteenth century. If she is unknown to you so much the better for the success of this little book.

In 1927 Mona Wilson's *Life of William Blake* was published in a limited edition and reviewed in this journal. It has now been reissued for $3.50 by Robert O. Ballou, New York. * * * Scholars and all endowed with literary curiosity will also be interested in a thesis by Gertrude M. Sibley (Cornell University Press, $2) called *The Lost Plays and Masques, 1500-1642*, which gives in index form with notes the *tantalizing list of Elizabethan and Jacobean* dramatic literature of which we have only the name or memory. * * * Religion is represented in recent books by a set of meditations for each week of the year by William P. Merrill of the Brick Presbyterian Church of New York (Macmillan, $2.25), and by an interesting *Account of Methodism in American History*, by William W. Sweet (Methodist Book Concern, $3). * * * Under science a little book with a very broad scope is the *Chemistry Triumphant* of William J. Hale (Williams & Wilkins, $1) in which in the course of an explanation not too technical to be followed and not too popular to be useless, he points out among other things that the Germans waited to declare war until synthetic ammonia for ammunitions was possible, but were rushed in before they developed the synthetic fats which might have saved them from collapse. Scientific also, but in the field of geography, is the regional and economic geography of the Mediterranean lands called *Southern Europe*, by Marion I. Newbegin (Dutton, $4.50). This book is geology applied to the use made by man of land surfaces. It is a book for the student, evidently an important one, rather than for the general reader.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH IN THE SENATE *"Diplomat"* (Covici-Friede: $2.)	Vote-dry and drink-wet senator tells truth before august body and drops dead. Dennis Tyler investigates unusual occurrence.	Very topical; Bonus Army, deflation, everything but kitchen sink. Melodramatic hokum overbalances eager attemps at deduction.	Pretty bad
THE WEDDING MARCH MURDER *Monte Barrett* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Bride marches up aisle but groom lies cold and dead in pastor's study. Detective Corrigan, among guests, doffs pumps and gum-shoes effectively.	Good analytical job with plenty of suspects—even officiating clergy. Solution hinges on missing pass key, hunt for which involves many thrills.	Good
THE SALTMARSH MURDERS *Gladys Mitchell* Macrae-Smith: $2.)	Double murder in idyllic—oh, yeah?—English village excites detective instinct of sardonic and sharp-witted Mrs. Bradley.	One of the few mystery stories for the adult mind. Thrills, humor, considerable a-morality, and much slick psychology.	Very good
THE CASE OF THE APRIL FOOLS *Christopher Bush* (Morrow: $2.)	April Fool joke in English country house turns into double murder which almost fools detective Ludovic Travers.	What stumped Travers was that one man killed the other—and yet he didn't. Shoal of red herrings and incessant action adds to enjoyment.	Good
THE CASE OF MATTHEW CRAKE *A. G. Macleod* (Dial Press: $2.)	Miserly old British merchant, with unsavory past, splattered over study by bomb and two detectives are baffled.	When murdered man's features are obliterated you can draw your own conclusions—but there's reverse English on this one.	Fair
THE LAUGHING PERIL *H. L. Gates* (Macaulay: $2.)	Devilish clever Chinee—Fu Manchu inoculated with T.N.T. and cobra venom— smiles sardonically, crucifies, kills 'til brave girl bops him.	Allee samee velly old stuff but allee samee packee samee old punch for those who want thrills and nothing else but.	Bleh!

ART

Edward Weston. New York: Weyhe. *Best Fifty Currier & Ives Lithographs.* Old Print Shop. $1. *Primitive Arts and Crafts.* R. U. Sayce. Cambridge Univ. Pr. Macmil. $2. *The Propaganda Menace.* F. E. Lumley. Cent. $4.

BELLES LETTRES

For Adults Only. B. Nichols. Doubl., Dor. *The Facts of Fiction.* N. Collins. Dut. $3.50. *History of Norwegian Literature.* T. Jorgenson. Macmil. $5. *All I Survey.* G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead. $2.50. *Shakespeare Under Elizabeth.* G. B. Harrison. Holt. $3.

Comparative Essays. Present and Past. Ed. W. W. Read. Noble & Noble. $1.20. *Aristophanes.* G. Murray. Oxford Univ. Pr. $2.50. *Preface to Poetry.* T. Maynard. $2.75.

BIOGRAPHY

My Forty Years in Politics. W. S. Vare Phil.: Swain. $2.50. *Bowsprit Ashore.* A. H. Bone. Doubl. Dr. $2.50 *Alexander the Great.* A. Weigall. Put. $3.90. *Life of Sir Michael Hicks Beach.* Lady V. Hicks Beach. Macmil. 2 vols. $12. *The House of Exile.* N. Waln. Lit., Bro. $3. *William Marshal.* S. Painter. Johns Hopkins Pr. $3. *Fighters for Freedom.* C. K. Curtis. Rochester. N. Y. *Once Upon a Time and Today.* M. Nathan. Put. $2.50. *Three French Dramatists: Racine, Marivaux, Musset.* A. Tilley. Camb. Univ. Pr. Macmil. $3. *The Dark Invaders.* Captain von Rintelen. Macmil. $2. *St. Augustine.* R. West. Appl. $2. *Macaulay.* A. Bryant. Appl $2. *Granville the Polite.* E. Handasyde. Oxford Univ. Pr. $3.75. *Gambler's Wife.* J. Lilienthal. Hough. Mif. $3. *Alfred Mond.* H. Bolitho. Appl. $5. *Chinese Gordon.* H. E. Wortham. Lit. Brown. $3.50. *Sir Henry Morgan.* W. A Roberts. Covic. Friede. $3. *John Marshall.* Baron Craigmyle. Scrib. $1.75. *The Education of Shakespeare.* G. A. Plimpton. Oxford Univ. Pr. $2. *Beatrice Cenci.* C. Ricci. Liveright. *Joseph Conrad.* W. W. Bancraft. Stratford. $1.50. *Always a Grand Duke.* Grand Duke Alexander of Russia. Far. & Rin. $3 net. *Mary Austin Holley.* M. A. Hatcher. Southwest Pr. $4. *The Story of Mrs. Peck.* Mint., Balch. $2.50

DRAMA

For Services Rendered. W. S. Maugham. Doub., Dor. $1.50. *Macbeth. The Emperor Jones.* Ed. B. A. Heydrick and A. A. May. Noble & Noble. $1.20. *We, the People.* E. Rice. Cow.-McCann. $2.

ECONOMICS

The Philosophy of Henry George. G. R. Geiger. Macmil. $3.

FICTION

Old Chicago. M. H. Bradley. Appl. 4 vols. *Long Lost Father.* G. B. Stern. Knopf. *The Golf House Murder.* H. Adams. Lip. $2. *Peter Duck.* A. Ransome. Lip. $2. *Twentieth Century Short Stories.* Ed. S. C. Bates. Hought. Mif. $2.25. *Fool's Gold.* S. H. Page. Knopf. $2. *Spaniards Mark.* A. Dwight. Macmil. $1.75. *The Mounted Falcon.* F. Hess. Macmil. $2.50. *She Loves Me Not.* E. Hope. Bobbs-Merrill. $2. *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back.* H. C. McEarly Writings of Charlotte Brontë by F. E. Ratchford. Yale Univ. Pr. $3.50. *The Mystery of the Seven Bad Men.* H. L. Gates. Macaul. $2. *Bulldog Drummond Striks Back.* H. C. McNeile. Crime Club. $2. *Danger Zone.* P. Lee, 3rd. Sears. $2. *The Dark Adventure.* A. Muir. Put. $2. *Storm Beach.* Virginia. Hought. Mif. $2.50. *The Golden Piper.* F. A. Kummer. $2.50.

FOREIGN

La Condotta Economica E Gli Effetti Sociali della Guerra Italiana. L. Einudi. Bari: Lalerza (Yale Univ. Pr.).

INTERNATIONAL

India Marches Past. R. J. Minney. Appl.

JUVENILE

Full Steam Ahead. H. B. Lent. Macmil. $2. *The Junior Outline of History.* I. O. Evans. Appl. $2.

HISTORY

The Struggle for the Control of the Mediterranean Prior to 1848. J. E. Swain. Stratford $2.

MISCELLANEOUS

How to Lose Your Money Prudently. F. C. Kelly. Phila: Swain. $1. *More Money for Everyman.* J. Mill. Phila: Swain. $1.50. *The Marketing of Library Property.* G. H. Ihring. Bowker. $2. *Fifteenth Century Books.* Compiled P. Butler. Chicago: Newbury Library. *Self-Consciousness and Its Treatment.* A. A. Roback. Cambridge, Mass.: Sci-Art. $1.50. *The Crime Club Jig-Saw Puzzle.* Crime Cl. 35 cents. *The Treasure of Drowning River.* C. B. Glasscock. Phila.: Swain. $2. *Lighthouses and Lightships of the United States.* G. R. Putman. Hought. Mif. $3.50. *Current English Usage.* S. A. Leonard. Chicago: Inland Pr. *Modern Tennis.* H. H. Jacobs. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50. *Concurrence and Dissent.* Ed. M. Prenner, B. M. Rogoff, and W. N. Sternberg. Merrill. *The Evolving House.* A. F. Bemis and J. Burchard, 2nd. Mass. Inst. of Tech. Pr. *Social Work Yearbook.* F. S. Hall. Russell Sage Foundation. $4. *Musings of a Mineral-Water Manufacturer.* London: Williams & Norgate. *The Way of All Women.* M. E. Harding, M.D. Longmans, Green. $3. *Local Government in the United States.* M. Seasongood. Harv. Univ. Pr. $1.50. *Your Job.* R. O. Picard. Dodd, Mead. $1.75. *The Banking Crisis.* J. I. Bogen and M. Nadler. Dodd, Mead. $1.75. *American Business Leaders.* F. W. Taussig and C. S. Joslyn. Macmil. $3.75. *No Nice Girl Swears.* A. L. Moats. Knopf. *The Long Road Home.* J. Moody. Macmil.

PAMPHLETS

The Strange Case of Herr Hitler. E. R. Clinchy. Day. 25 cents. *How the Public Gets Its New Music.* Am. Soc. of Composers, Authors, and Publishers. *How to Restore Values.* A. W. Benkert and E. Harding. Day. 25 cents. *Technocracy and Socialism.* P. Blansharq. League for Industrial Democracy. 5 cents. *Symposium on America and the World Situation.* Univ. of Chicago Pr. 10 cents. *Monopoly vs. Freedom.* J. Mill. Phila.: Swain. 60 cents. *Tales of East and West.* S. Rohmer. Crime Cub. $2.

PHILOSOPHY

Seven Psychologies. E. Heidbreder. Cent. $3. *Themas.* J. Maritain. Sheed & Ward. $2.

POETRY

Songs of Sunshine. C. M. Timpson.

RELIGION

The March of Faith. W. E. Garrison. Harp. $2.50. *The Oxford Group Movement.* H. H. Henson. Oxford Univ. Press. $1. *Modern Tendencies in World Religions.* C. S. Braden. Macmil. $2.50. *The Finality of Jesus Christ.* R. E. Speer. Revell. *The Modern Dilemma.* C. Dawson. Sheed & Ward. $1.

SCIENCE

Major Mysteries of Science. H. G. Garbedian. Covici-Friede. $3.75.

This is the Year to Travel Cheaply

and these are the books to show you how to get the most for your money $1.00 each

McBRIDE DOLLAR TRAVEL BOOKS

The cream of the travel books of well-known authors and leading publishers at a fraction of their original cost. Full library size, 5½ x 8¼ inches, rich cloth binding, fine antique paper. End sheets carry full-size illustrations. In their original editions these books sold at from $2 to $6. **In this fine new edition printed from the original plates, now $1.**

1. **The Call of England.** By H. V. Morton. A stimulating tour of Britain.
2. **When You Go to London.** By H. V. Morton. Makes every day in London an adventure.
3. **Here's Ireland.** By Harold Speakman. The circuit of fascinating Erin.
5. **Come With Me Through France.** By Frank Schoonmaker. An interpretive courier.
11. **Spanish Towns and People.** By Robert Medill McBride. Vivid pictures of every important city.
12. **Come With Me Through Italy.** By Frank Schoonmaker. All the outstanding features.
13. **Planning a Trip Abroad.** By Edw. Hungerford. An indispensable guide.
14. **Through Europe on Two Dollars a Day.** By Frank Schoonmaker. Your dream of an inexpensive trip fulfilled.
15. **Finding the Worth-While in Europe.** By Albert B. Osborne. A delightful appraisal.
Under the Sky in California. By Charles Francis Saunders. Mountain, desert and canyon.
21. **London, Paris and Rome in Seven Days.** By A. Milton. Daily programs that are triumphs of selection.
23. **Meet the Germans.** By Henry Albert Phillips. Modern Germany and its people.
25. **Rambles in Old London.** By George Byron Gordon. Historical London; churches, taverns, etc.
28. **As It Is In England.** By Albert B. Osborne. Villages, castles, cathedrals, landscapes.
29. **Picture Towns of Europe.** By Albert B. Osborne. Carcassonne, San Gimignano, Toledo, Rothenberg, etc.
31. **Paris on Parade.** By Robert Forrest Wilson. The pageant of boulevards, restaurants, Latin Quarter, etc.

At all booksellers.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & CO. S. R.
4 West 16th St., New York

Please send the books marked with a circle. I enclose $..... (Plus 10 cents postage for each volume.)

(Encircle numbers you want)

1 2 3 5 11 12 13 14 15 20 21 23 25 28 29 31

Name .....

Address .....

Now—*the Magnum Opus of Russia's Greatest Living Writer!*

MAXIM GORKI'S Wide World Photos

OTHER FIRES

The emergence of the spirit of revolt in the Russian people—such is the great and ambitious theme of Gorki's new novel, an epic of human passions fired and bewildered by history on the rampage, a work of savage realism and loving pity, a profound study of the spirit and mind of modern man.

514 *pages,* $3.00

A Novel Even More Unusual than "His Monkey Wife"!

FULL CIRCLE

By John Collier

Ever since John Collier startled, bewildered and captured both readers and critics in England and America with the delightful *"His Monkey Wife,"* people have come to expect audacity and originality from this brilliant young writer. In this new novel of England in the future, wrecked by wars and with civilization in the balance, he more than fulfills the promise. A timely, stimulating and romantic adventure in a new vein.

$2.00

This is an Appleton Book

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
35 West 32nd Street New York

LEGENDS OF ANGRIA

From the early writings of

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Edited by F. E. Ratchford and W. C. DeVane

A volume of extraordinary psychological and literary interest.

Illustrated $3.50

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

M. J., Atlanta, Ga., needs a list of plays featuring famous women, such as "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and is particularly anxious for dramatizations of women who played "a part in the lives of famous musicians," especially George Sand.

TAKING the last first, George Sand has appeared on the New York stage within the memory of living man. As I see by an admirable reminder of my more impassioned theatre-going, "The Best Plays of 1909-1919," by Burns Mantle and Garrison P. Sherwood (just published by Dodd, Mead), "Madame Sand," a comedy in three acts by Philip Moeller, was produced at the Criterion, New York, on November 19, 1917, and later moved to the Knickerbocker; Mrs. Fiske was the title lady. The curtain rose, I remember, each act upon the same love affair with a different man. It seemed to me that Lelia must have felt relieved when she outgrew all that—so I suppose the play must have had a moral effect on its audience.

But looking through this excellent compendium—and I do not know a book likely to bring back pleasanter hours to an American over forty than this latest addition to Mr. Mantle's handbooks—I find few plays in this decade devoted to famous women.

"Elizabeth the Queen," by Maxwell Anderson (Longmans, Green); "Alison's House," by Susan Glaspell (French), a play indirectly concerned with Emily Dickinson; "The Royal Family," by Ferber and Kaufman (Doubleday, Doran), which had a good time with the Barrymores; "Machinal," by Sophie Treadwell, which I did not see but have been told was related to the Snyder-Gray murder; these are in the list of selections of best plays made in companion volumes of this series and appended to this volume. Shaw's "Great Catherine," Charles Nirdlinger's "The First Lady in the Land," Louis N. Parker's "Disraeli," whose treatment of Lady Beaconsfield is sensible and sympathetic; this is all I can find, though I looked as cheerfully as one looks over old playbills. When I get the new "Dramatic Bibliography," by Blanche M. Baker, just about to come from the press of the H. W. Wilson Company, I may find more, for this book is supposed to provide within its covers references to material on all phases of the dramatic arts from writing the play to final production. But meanwhile I can assemble more queens and court ladies than gifted commoners; from John Fletcher's (1579-1625) "Bonduca"—whom we know as Boadicea—Alexander Dumas's "Catherine of Cleves," Victor Hugo's "Amy Robsart" and "Marion de Lorme," Bulwer Lytton's "Duchess de la Vallière" (taking Shakespeare's queens for granted), to Stephen Phillips's "Nero's Mother," Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra" (now published by Dodd, Mead), Shane Leslie's "Mrs. Fitzherbert" (Benn), Romain Rolland's "The Montespan," and David Karb and Walter Pritchard Eaton's "Queen Victoria" (Dutton). Queen Victoria also figures in one of the little plays in Laurence Housman's "Angels and Ministers" (Harcourt, Brace), but the gem of that collection is "The Comforter," with its incontrovertible glimpse of Mrs. Gladstone.

Authors appear in Josephine Preston Peabody's subtle "Portrait of Mrs. W." (Houghton Mifflin)—the initial standing for Wollestonecraft—, Alice Brown's "Charles Lamb" (Macmillan), in which Mary Lamb appears, and the new play by Clemence Dane about the Brontës which Miss Cornell is to produce, "Miss Burney at Court" is in Maude Frank's "Short Plays about Famous Authors" (Holt), and she is also in "The Silver Lining," one of several one-acts by Constance D'Arcy Mackay in "The Beau of Bath" (Holt). The only play that comes to my mind about a woman who is a musician is "Evensong," by Beverley Nicholls and Edward Knoblock (Doubleday, Doran), which no one believes is not based on the career of Melba. If one may go back to the Greeks, there is "Sappho" by Grillparzer, not the one by Daudet. "Tante," by C. Haddon Chambers, a dramatization of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's novel, was produced in 1913 with Ethel Barymore playing the temperamental pianist, but though people spoke of Teresa Carreno I don't know if they spoke truly. "The First Actress," a play about Margaret Hughes, by Christopher St. John, has been printed by the author, and there is Douglas Jerrold's "Nell Gwynne" and Jack Crawford's "Lovely Peggy" (1911). Florence Nightingale is the subject of Reginald Berkeley's "Lady with a Lamp" (Gollancz) and "Florence Nightingale," a drama by E. G. Reid (Macmillan).

American women have been for the most part permitted to stay in the history books: besides those named I find only "Moll Pitcher," by Joseph Stephens Jones (1811-1877), published in 1855, and Clyde Fitch's popular "Barbara Frietchie," which noticeably lightened the burden of years on her "old gray head."

This does not pretend to be a complete list, but it may provide a nucleus for one.

Pulitzer Prize Suggestions

BIOGRAPHY

"SHERMAN: FIGHTING PROPHET," by LLOYD LEWIS (Harcourt, Brace).
Suggested by:
STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"GROVER CLEVELAND," by ALLAN NEVINS (Dodd, Mead).
Suggested by:
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.
HENRY STEELE COMMAGER.
AMY LOVEMAN.

"AUTOBIOGRAPHY," by FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT (Longmans, Green).
Suggested by LEWIS MUMFORD.

DRAMA

"WHEN LADIES MEET," by RACHEL CROTHERS.
Suggested by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"ANOTHER LANGUAGE," by ROSE FRANKEN (Samuel French).
Suggested by STARK YOUNG.

FICTION

"1919," by JOHN DOS PASSOS (Harcourt, Brace).
Suggested by:
STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

"MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY," by CHARLES NORDHOFF *and* JAMES NORMAN HALL (Little, Brown).
Suggested by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

"GOD'S ANGRY MAN," by LEONARD EHRLICH (Simon and Schuster).
Suggested by LEWIS MUMFORD.

"THE SHELTERED LIFE," by ELLEN GLASGOW (Doubleday, Doran).
Suggested by:
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.
HENRY STEELE COMMAGER.
AMY LOVEMAN.
ALLAN NEVINS.

"THE YEARS OF PEACE," by LEROY MACLEOD (Century).
Suggested by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

HISTORY

"TERCENTENNIAL HISTORY OF HARVARD COLLEGE," edited by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON.
Suggested by CHARLES T. COPELAND.

"OUR TIMES: AMERICA ENTERS THE WAR," by MARK SULLIVAN (Charles Scribner's).
Suggested by:
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.
AMY LOVEMAN.

"MARK TWAIN'S AMERICA," by BERNARD DEVOTO (Little, Brown).
Suggested by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

"HUMAN GEOGRAPHY OF THE SOUTH," by RUPERT VANCE (University of North Carolina Press.)
Suggested by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER.

"RURAL RUSSIA UNDER THE OLD REGIME," by GEROID TANQUARY ROBINSON (Longmans, Green.)
Suggested by LEWIS MUMFORD.

Hendrik Van Loon's "GEOGRAPHY" (Simon and Schuster.)
Suggested by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"FAREWELL TO REFORM," by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN (Liveright.)
Suggested by ALLAN NEVINS.

POETRY

"CONQUISTADOR," by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH (Houghton Mifflin.)
Suggested by:
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.
LEWIS MUMFORD.
STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

"THURSO'S LANDING," by ROBINSON JEFFERS (Liveright.)
Suggested by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

"COLLECTED POEMS OF ELINOR WYLIE" (Alfred Knopf.)
Suggested by:
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.
HENRY STEELE COMMAGER.
AMY LOVEMAN.
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.
ALLAN NEVINS.

"POEMS 1928-1931," by ALLEN TATE (Scribner's.)
Suggested by STARK YOUNG.

EDNA FERBER

protests to her publishers

March 23, 1933

Dear Dan:

Why have you never told me about Christopher Morley's HUMAN BEING? Why haven't you made more of a hullabaloo about it?

It is a glorious book, but not a showy one, not a gaudy one. Perhaps that's why more people aren't aware of it. It is a wise and a deeply understanding book. It has a touch of God in it, and the devil. It has all New York in it, and most of America.

I've bought it for my friends as the highest compliment I could pay to their mental and emotional equipment.

EDNA FERBER

and rightly!

. . . for you deserve to know about this novel. In England, Richard Aldington, *Punch* and many others are saying the same thing. This book is for you no matter who you are, no matter how rushed you are by today's events. It's at your bookstore.

HUMAN BEING

by **Christopher Morley**

$2.50 6th Ptg. DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

MR. Ben Douglas of Trevlac, Indiana, says that this column is a good advertising medium; he is being asked where to get bulbs of madeira vine like the one he sent me. He says to tell people that they cost ten cents apiece from Vaughan, ninety cents a dozen. Also he says I should have included Gertrude Atherton's "The Immortal Marriage" in my list of books about the Periclean period, for it is an unusually accurate picture of these times. "Only I wish," says he, "someone would tell me how the Greek flappers used *alkinet*. Alkinet is a nice, blue perennial flower of our gardens. If it is what the Greeks used, how did they use it? Gertrude speaks as if they painted their faces with it. Did they go in for blue tints or did they merely apply it under their eyes?" This gave me a good excuse to spend some sunlit hours with the new books coming so beautifully out for gardening purposes this year: "Gardening with Herbs," by Helen Morgenthau Fox (Macmillan), is one. This is a most charming guide to raising and using sweet-smelling and savory-tasting leaves and flowers, a garden of delights not only for the eyes. Its recipes cover things to eat and various perfumes and cosmetics, and the herbs appear with history complete. But I did not see this flower either as alkenet or anchusa, or even as the Arabic al-henna. In a book now out of print but often used in our house, "The Magic of Herbs," by Mrs. C. F. Leyel (Harcourt, Brace), I found that anchusa was one of the four hundred samples used by Hippocrates (of which half that number are in use today), and that it was one of the ingredients of the "Red Bottle" put out by the famous Whitworth Brothers of Lancashire, quacks of the early nineteenth century, while borage, anchusa, rose, and violet were the Four Cordial Flowers that gave their scent to wine. So I went to the Encyclopædia Britannica, and it said the root of ankanet yields a fine red coloring matter which has been used to tint tincture, oils, wines, varnishes, etc. So perhaps the Greek ladies used it to tint their cheeks. But they were not averse to blue: according to Propertius blue hair was not uncommon among them. And if anyone asks me what this has to do with the profession of letters or the conduct of this department, I can but reply that this department must have time off occasionally.

R. S., Boston, Mass., asks on behalf of a father who has been writing rhymes for his children and wishes to make his future outpourings a bit more polished, for a book that would explain to him the principles of verse-making "in an easy manner." My usual reply is to consult Louis Untermeyer's "The Forms of Poetry" (Harcourt, Brace). But if this student is not above taking practical and stimulating advise from a book prepared for the use of high schools (where some of the most spontaneous and genuine verse of our decade is being produced) let her by all means get "Writing Poetry," by Marie Gilchrist (Houghton Mifflin). This is one of those rare books for the classroom—I cannot call them textbooks—which stirs the creative fires if the student has any. It is not committed either to the traditional or the experimental, it gives just enough advice on structure to help a beginner, and at the end is a selection of poems by students.

PAUL V. MURRAY, St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa who is writing a thesis on Maximilian in Mexico, says that while he agrees that Corti's book is by far the best work easily accessible, both from the standard of authority and up-to-dateness, he has many other references that would prove interesting reading, and even some that Corti does not list, and will send a bibliogrphy if M. E. G., Eau Claire, Wis., the original inquirer, needs it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS of MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore. 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOKBINDING

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED BOOK should wear. A Bennett Binding of Hand-Tooled Imported Leather—Morocco, Levant, or Calf—Modernistic, Period or Conventional Design—According to Date and Content. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., Hand Book-Binders and Wholesale Dealers, 160 East 56th Street, New York City.

FIRST EDITIONS

A CATALOGUE OF FIRST EDITIONS and Children's Classics will be sent on request. Georgia Lingafelt, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

FIRST EDITIONS AND GOOD BOOKS. Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FAGOTS OF CEDAR (*Bookfellow Edition*) IVAN SWIFT. Limited, signed. *Three dollars, postpaid.* SWIFT, The Palms, DETROIT.

MORLEY McFEE, MENCKEN FIRST EDITIONS. Catalogues ready. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

MAN: a Character Sketch by Oscar Firkins, limited edition of 500 copies. Sold exclusively by The Book Shop, 1036 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. $1.25 postpaid.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Bound set Harper's Monthly Magazine. Complete—first issue 1850 to 1925. Robert Ehart, Academy, Lake Forest, Illinois.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

The FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue. "New York's Largest French Bookshop." "Over 500,000 books in stock." Mail orders, information, prompt. Big Catalogue 20c (stamps).

LITERARY

£50 CASH PRIZES FOR POEMS; particulars free. Fiction also invited. Catalogues on application. Stockwell, Ltd., 29, Ludgate Hill, London, England.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

LETITIA S. PENDLETON—Constructive criticism, editing, polishing. Particularly interested new authors. EDITORIAL SERVICE, 17 East 96th Street, New York.

YOUR MANUSCRIPT SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections, publications planned. Editor, literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MARKET ANALYSIS OF manuscripts without fee. Send for list of demand material. WRITERS' GUILD OF NEW YORK, 225 Fifth Avenue.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"SEVEN BOOKHUNTERS," Station H. Box 66, New York. Out-of-print books Reasonably and promptly supplied.

PRINTS

FLOWER AND FASHION PRINTS, lithographs and hand colored, all over fifty years old. For lamp shades, screens, decoration or framing. Sent $1.00 for assortment of ten, all in brilliant color. Satisfaction or money cheerfully returned. OXFORD BOOK SHOP, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

The Compleat Collector

Fine Books · First Editions · Fine Typography

"Now cheaply bought for twice their weight in gold."

Conducted by

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS & JOHN T. WINTERICH

Requiem

EVIDENCE that the fine old tradition of the summarized chapter heading is walking, not running, to the nearest exit is still occasionally confirmed by a sporadic survival, which is more than can be said for the iguanodon. The tendency of the summarized chapter heading in the direction of expiration dates from the demise of the subscription book. The subscription book, of course, has by no means vanished, but the subscription book of our epoch is not the subscription book of day before yesterday. The peripatetic order of literature was long since sucked into the orbit of the Higher Salesmanship; today's book agent (dear old locution) promotes everything but the book. They ordered this matter better in the era that followed Appomattox. The function of the book agent of the coal-oil cycle was to sell books *qua* books. It was not a bad idea. For instance, it sold books.

The bridge that linked buyer and seller (and a ligature that does that is the bindingest tie in the world) was the prospectus. The prospectus was not unlike the dummy of today, except that the dummy is designed to impress the retailer (who will not stand for too much impressing), whereas the prospectus was aimed (and with open sights) at the ultimate consumer. And it was for the ultimate consumer at the instant of his confrontation with the prospectus that the summarized chapter heading was conceived and brought to fruition. A purposeful straggler into the bypaths of bibliography will one day examine into the business with that meticulousness which it merits. Whose, in the beginning, was the idea of the summarized chapter heading? What was the first book to exemplify it? Who regularly compiled the summaries (not the author surely—or did he?) and did the same hand (indubitably—or another?) fashion the kaleidoscope of running heads that usually approximated a pepper-shaking of the summarized heading throughout the chapter—and sometimes, curiously, came nowhere near approximating it?

Ah, they knew how to build a book in that time! In addition to chapter summaries and variegated running heads they offered half a dozen kinds of bindings and often different colors of the same kind, and they illustrated the thing with a shotgun. The pictures were awful but abundant, artists numerous and unnamed. The printers and stereotypers — particularly the stereotypers—must often have been sullen 'prentice crews working with indifferent materials and glad of it. The proofroom, in certain instances that could be cited, might have been recruited in a madhouse, and the errors that passed it sometimes endured uncorrected as long as the plates would yield impressions. But out of it all came an occasional great book, and there are those among us who cannot to their soul's comfort read such a book save in its original habit and investiture—not necessarily in first edition.

J. T. W.

Books About Books

BIBLIOTHECA TYPOGRAPHICA: in usum eorum qui Libros amant: A List of Books about Books. By HORACE HART. Rochester: Leo Hart. 1933. $2.50.

THIS list has been prepared by a student in Harvard College as part of the work in Mr. George Parker Winship's course in the History of the Printed Book. Mr. Hart is the son of a well-known Rochester printer, and has himself shown a considerable interest in printing.

The present list divides books about printing into Letters of the Alphabet, Manuscripts and Illumination, Printing and Printers, Bookbinding, Publishing and Bookselling, Bibliography and Book Collecting. There is also a full index. The plan by which selections have been made is to include books of general interest rather than detailed monographs on specific subjects. The nearly two hundred and fifty titles listed would provide any student of printing with an excellent and fairly ample working library of books in this field. The omission of such works as Haebler's "Early Printers of Spain and Portugal" and the inclusion of some second-rate contemporary books is to be regretted, but in general the book contains most of the really important treatises on the subject. Mr. Winship puts the matter of selection of titles well in his Introduction; this "annotated list of books interests me because he [Mr. Hart] so boldly attempts what I have long regarded as impossible. . . . The result is far from meeting all my ideals, but it is good in many ways, and is likely to be helpful to a wide circle of book lovers." It will also help many a teacher who has been asked for a list of books on printing for his students.

The mechanical execution of the volume is excellently done in Caslon type on unobstreperous book paper. The design of the type pages does not seem to me ideal for a bibliographical list because the type is too large and there are too few lines to a page. It is obvious that the practical ends of a reference list and the desire to make a comely book often conflict, and a more concentrated typography would perhaps have made too small a volume. One or two errors in proof reading have been noted, and those not important. The book is substantially bound in red cloth with gold stamping.

It is an excellent guide to some of the more important available books about books.

R.

An exhibition of the books and manuscripts of D. H. Lawrence was recently opened in London. Apropos of it the London *Times Literary Supplement* says: Lawrence wrote and rewrote his books before publication: several of the novels and stories appear in the exhibititon in different forms, and their gradual development can be traced. For example, there are two manuscripts (one only a fragment) of 'The White Peacock,' as well as galley-proofs with the author's corrections; the manuscript of Quetzalcoatl (which later became 'The Plumed Serpent'), and early versions of 'Sons and Lovers,' and 'The Rainbow'; the story 'The Last Laugh' appears in manuscript and in corrected typescript, and there are two versions of 'The End of Another Home-Holiday.' In addition to manuscripts, typescripts, and proofs of a very large proportion of his published work, there are unpublished stories, poems, letters, and an exercise book containing notes in diary form; photographs, particularly of Lawrence's life in New Mexico; one or two small sketches by Lawrence; two needlework pictures by him; and a wide selection of his first editions."

Mr. Sheldon Dick, announcing the publication of "The Serpent in the Wilderness," by Edgar Lee Masters, says:

"Fine editions in the past have been confounded with some so-called 'limited' and 'de luxe' books, the value of which was uncertain and too often incommensurate with the price charged. This is my first book and I should like, at the outset, to fix a standard of worth in keeping with the more accurate demands of a public which today still cares for fine books. I hope the following description will make clear the intentions of the author and myself.

"Of the poems in 'The Serpent in the Wilderness,' 'The Ninth Symphony of Beethoven and The King Cobra" appeared in *The American Mercury* for October, 1932. It evoked extraordinary attention at that time. It has not been issued in book form before now. The title poem 'The Serpent in the Wilderness,' and 'Prometheus,' 'Ode on America,' 'The Seven Cities of America,' 'Song for the Dead Gods' appear here for the first time.

"This edition of 'The Serpent in the Wilderness' will consist of 365 copies for sale."

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent; tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

RENT — agreeable furnished four-room apartment. Beekman Place neighborhood, plenty of books, very cheap to congenial tenant. May to September. Editor.

BINDERS for your Saturday Review numbers. Gold stamped, black buckram, wire fasteners, handy way to file the copies as issued, or the back files. Postpaid $1.50. Mendoza Book Co., 15 Ann St., N. Y. C.

DELIGHTFUL, all-year home in the Berkshires owned and occupied by two ladies is open to others having congenial interests. Terms moderate. Box 139.

WANTED: Honest Log Cabin or Shack. 2 rooms. June to October. $15 monthly. No cosy corners. Isolated, green, near village; stove, two beds. J. T., 188 Sullivan St., N. Y. C.

COUNTRY this summer? . . . The owner is offering an old colonial house, completely rebuilt, furnished in the period, nine rooms, four baths, wide lawns, fields, woodlands, on a quiet side road, seven miles from Lyme, Conn. A small, privately owned lake for bathing. A deep hemlock dell below the dam. The most beautiful spot in the district. Garden produce and milk included. Owner hates to rent but will be polite about it. Call Lyme, Conn., 28 ring five, or write Waldo Banning, agent, Lyme.

WANTED: Ph.D. cap and gown, Yale hood, in good condition. Bonner, 83 Capen, Buffalo.

YOUNG woman, traveled, graduate English University, wishes to arrange a "grand tour" for one or two girls. Interview. Box 144.

COLLEGE English instructor with literary aspirations, 27, unmarried, victim of Economy, seeks to live by some means, preferably honorable. Box 145.

THE TIMES Literary Supplement of London, England, is rated an honourable example of literary integrity. Fearless and eager to fight for right. The Times Literary Supplement of London, England, has possessed for two years proof that Edward DeVere was the genius whose work we love as Shake-speare's. The Times Literary Supplement of London, England, seemingly deserts its standard and encourages in its readers the myth that a man born in Stratford-upon-Avon was the poet. One should dislike much to feel that the Thunderer was gradually slipping to but a Puff. George Frisbee, San Francisco, Calif.

WANTED: An opportunity from among the knocks. Writer, poet, translator, printer will operate small printing plant in or near San Francisco. Ready to write, edit, print, mail, magazine or newspaper. No salary. Address Typographeus, care this paper.

WANTED: Relief from sight of poverty, poor judgment, stupidity, and hypocrisy! Two young women, well behaved terrier, roadster seek leisure, beauty, for ten days, mid June, not further than three days motor from Philadelphia. Good food, excellent beds, bath imperative. R. S.

ESTABLISHED New York publisher seeks now for fall list good popular biography and other attractive non-fiction, preferably with news value and by experienced writers already known to public. Manuscripts from 60,000 words upwards, with usual royalties to author. Write Box 146, *Saturday Review*.

TO BOOKSELLERS:

Every bookseller knows the importance of having his customers stop in at his shop frequently. Why not provide a reason for a weekly visit by offering copies of *The Saturday Review of Literature* for sale?

You will make a profit on every copy sold, your customers will have authoritative reviews of the books displayed on your counters, and they will be kept in the buying mood because they will know about the interesting new publications being issued.

For information concerning bulk rates and shipment, please write to:

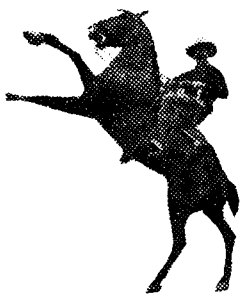
Bookstore Department

The Saturday Review of Literature

25 West 45th Street, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAVALCADE OF OLD CALIFORNIA!



HERE'S a glimpse, half wistful, into a gracious "only yesterday" when an American state was a foreign land. Exciting—glitteringly alive—a rare treat in a novel, it is moving understanding readers to say . . .

"I was born in Kentucky near Boonesboro; heard at first hand tales of Boone, Harrod, Whitney, Logan and Rogers. But nothing, in all my 74 years, ever gave me as much pleasure as RANCHERO!"
—T. P. Hill, Buffalo, Wyoming.*

"Gives this new breed of industrialized Americans some picture of the breed that made America!"
H. E. L., Washington, D. C.

"Only Bret Harte ever did anything like it!"
H. L. G., Springfield, Mass.

"Thank God for RANCHERO! It's swell history and splendid reading!"
L. E. L., 250 Park Ave., N. Y.

*From many letters in our files.

RANCHERO

by

Stewart Edward White

Author of "THE LONG RIFLE"
2nd Large Printing. $2.00.

SCORE BOARD of BEST SELLERS

These books are reported in demand in shops and libraries in the big book centers.	New York	Boston	Phila.	Chicago	'Frisco
ANN VICKERS by Sinclair Lewis	*	*	*	*	*
MAN'S MORTALITY by Michael Arlen	*	*	*	*	
HELENE by Vicki Baum	*	*		*	*
ORIENT EXPRESS by Graham Greene	*		*	*	*
DESIGN FOR LIVING by Noel Coward	*	*	*	*	*
THE SAPPHIRE by A. E. W. Mason*	*			*	
THE MERIWETHER MYSTERY by Kay Cleaver Strahan	*	*	*	*	*

* Spontaneously discovered by readers—Mason acclaimed—an adventure out of the Orient by a fine story-teller!

"Tape Up Your Sides"

warns the American News Trade Journal, which rates the new books, if you want to read **RAIN IN THE DOORWAY** It's the **Thorne Smith** masterpiece . . . a riot . . . a saga of suppressed desires . . . in fact, the possible love-life of anyone. 2nd Ptg. $2.00

They're telling an amusing story

about **ANN VICKERS** and the Libraries Committee of Glasgow, Scotland. One copy was bought for twenty town councillors to approve, while a million Glaswegians wait to read the book. The question is, what will Glasgow do with her copy when she's through with it? Sell it second-hand to Aberdeen, as one English journalist suggests? . . . Incidentally, Mr. Lewis' passionate pilgrimage of a great American woman keeps its pace as the "best seller of best sellers."

COMING

A new book of short fiction from **Edna Ferber** is a real event. Probably no one writing in English commands a finer grasp of humanity, a more realistic poignancy; and Miss Ferber has never surpassed the work in **THEY BROUGHT THEIR WOMEN**—eight little novels of American life, to be published May 3rd. $2.50.

The book-buyer who uses his wits and his chances can now get better value for his money than the purchaser of almost any other commodity. So visit your favorite shop! It's rich with exciting reading!

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
Garden City, N. Y.

The PHŒNIX NEST

WE are glad to print the following announcement. There is to be a National Competition of American Poets for an International Hymn to be sung to the music of the first sixteen bars of the "Ode to Joy," *Beethoven's* Ninth Symphony. The judges of this contest will be *Robert Hillyer, Bliss Perry,* and *S. Foster Damon.* The winning poem, copyrighted in the poet's name, will be sent to the League of Nations in Geneva to indicate to the world that the vision of American poets recognizes the imperative need for such a hymn today. The competition closes on September 1st, 1933. Further information will be furnished on request. Poems should be sent to *Miss Harriet Whittier,* League of Nations Association, 40 Mount Vernon Street, Boston, Massachusets. Poets are requested to keep a copy of their poems as no manuscript will be returned. No money prize is offered. It is felt that the worldwide distinction which will accrue to the successful poet, and the nobility of the cause, will command the best and highest talent throughout the country, in the present world crisis. . . .

Encouraged by *S. Foster Damon,* one *Welborn Hope,* a poet from the cow country, has sent us the following poem. Despite its irregularities of form, we feel that it is sufficiently remarkable in content to spread before you. *Miss Monroe,* of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse,* has already accepted three of this poet's other poems. He seems to us to have something original to say:

DANGER

Upon wild plains omnipotent
A conquering quality Danger was.
You saw it always imminent,
A sly shadow on the grass.

It was an agent in the air,
Active as sunshine, yielding health
And Death, but not Death everywhere.
An able antitoxin for fear,
A forthright courage it fostered by stealth.

Sometimes it grew bold, and you saw
Danger formidable of form,
A demon, lightning on the draw.
Likely you never lived to speak of harm.

But it would kill, as it could cure,
By stealth. A banjo banishing care,
A circle in the campfire's light,
A wriggling figure in the night:
A lively music on the wind,
A screaming arrow, and an end.

It was a presence you endured
And hated—but it had discipline.
It hovered until you were inured,
And finally purged of fear within.

Then you perceived its purity,
And you sought it as a lover seeks virginity.

In its own most peculiar way that Oklahoman utterance conveys a characteristic of life in the old West more sharply and immediately than could more polished lines. In fact, polished lines could not convey it. We have often pondered on those who lived constantly with danger upon the plains. This must have bred a quality in men and women that has today almost been lost. There is plenty of danger in modern cities, but it attends masses of human beings closely confined. The Danger of which Mr. Hope speaks so eloquently was quite different. And it was always present in the mind. We particularly like his phrase "yielding health." This constant intimacy with danger did yield health to the spirit. It is marvelous to us how the human spirit usually rises to the occasion. . . .

Earle Walbridge now feels like an "embattled farmer." Another publisher, known to him personally, has combatted his belief that *Robert Graves* wrote "The Gold Falcon." But he still stands by the rude bridge that arches the flood. Also he tells us, which, as an "*E. Nesbit*" fan (page Coward-McCann for her children's stories!) interests us particularly, that the amazing *Noel Coward* once saved his pennies as a youngster to buy all the *Strand Magazines* which contained her stories. When he grew up, Mr. Coward (not to be confused with the publisher!) became one of her most trusted friends. We hope he tells something about it in his forthcoming autobiography. . . .

Apropos of "The Gold Falcon" controversy (and this is positively the last mention we shall make of it!) we have a long letter from *Kimball Flaccus.* It is so interesting that we simply have got to print most of it. He contends that he can prove that the book was, beyond all doubt written by *Henry Williamson!* No taint of a publishers' conspiracy haunts about Mr. Flaccus (not that we mean to imply that it touches Mr. Walbridge either, who is entirely disinterested so far as publishers are concerned), for Mr. Flaccus is far removed from the New York fray, being up at Dartmouth and one of our best undergraduate poets. He says:

To quote from page 146:
"The subject of my talk—Hamlet and Modern Life—may have puzzled some of you. Let me explain at once. In Europe today, where I come from, or from a small part of it, there are thousands, probably millions, of young men with gray hair. Hamlet was a young man with gray hair. . . . Perhaps it would interest you to know that I read the play for the first time in my life four months ago, while sitting on a headland in Cornwall in the autumn sunlight, and thinking of the New World across the sea."

It was this very same lecture which Williamson delivered under the title "Hamlet and the Modern World," in Hanover, New Hampshire, during the winter of 1931, and later, I believe, repeated at one or more New England colleges. I was fortunate enough to hear the talk, and never have I been more deeply moved by any address. Williamson, frail, tragic, and silver-haired, was his own Hamlet; I went away from that hall with tears in my eyes, and pity in my heart for poets upon whose sensitive minds the experience of the World War had laid a terrible brand.

To quote from "The Dreamer of Devon," an essay on Henry Williamson written by *Herbert Faulkner West,* a professor of Comparative Literature at Dartmouth: "During his stay he gave a lecture at the college on the war and its effects on his generation. He had written out the lecture, and from my own experience of listening to lectures for ten years in Dartmouth I never heard one so well written, or so sincere and moving." (p. 13, "The Dreamer of Devon," The Ulysses Press, London, 1932.)

Professor West remarks also that "The loneliness one feels in a city like New York struck particularly hard at Williamson, for his is a personality which cannot stand complete and forced solitude in a city for long periods of time."

With reference to a skiing episode in "The Golden Falcon" (p. 192-193) in which Manfred suffered a fall and severely wrenched his knee, I should like to quote Professor West once more:

"The pines weighed heavily with snow. The ski trails through the woods and on many hills nearby were worn and fast from the skis of many runners. The air was crisp, and the thermometer stood around zero. Williamson loved it all. He had ski-ed before in the Pyrenees, and once in Devon (which has about four great blizzards every century), and I procured him an outfit. The second afternoon of his visit we set out for a trip across country. It was evident he had not ski-ed for a long time. We went for two or three miles, and he showed signs of weariness. I turned toward home. He came to a short but steep slope, went down, his skis stuck suddenly at the bottom of the grade so that he fell sharply forward, his face buried in the snow, his arms spreadeagled to stop his fall. He finally extricated himself, said nothing to my roars of laughter, took off his skis, and walked home. Later on he became proficient and enjoyed the sport immensely. Several days later he turned an ankle on a particularly fast slope of hard crust, and was able to ski no more."

I can vouch for the truth of this reported incident, for I was a witness to it myself, and Alexander Laing, author of the recent novel, "The Sea Witch," was a fourth party on the expedition, and remembers the sublime awkwardness upon skis of our distinguished visitor who is nevertheless so nimble with the pen. . . .

Laurence C. Woodman, Chairman of the Independent Writers' Association, tells us that, having outgrown one meeting-place after another, the Independent Writers now seem pretty permanently located in the spacious "Lounge," recently rechristened "The Waverly Room," of the Hotel Earle, Washington Square West, this city. Some promising writers are joining the weekly Wednesday evenings, and corresponding members and local chapters are "writing in," some as far off geographically as Waxahachie, Texas, and Butte, Montana. Providence, Rhode Island, started the local chapter stampede, and upstate New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Iowa, etc., are "carrying on." . . .

Agnes MacCarthy Hickey says she does not know who we are but thinks this department always interesting. In a short time now, she says, "our minds shall all turn to clocks, at least for one night." So to speed them up an hour she sends the appended verse:

TO A CLOCK

Now pray be not imbued with silly man's conceit
Of deeming destinies are all controlled by you!
For he is just one link in life's long relay-meet,
Joining the one before unto the other who
Shall follow. You are merely the instrument, whose feat
Is measuring seconds, as the tape of Time slips through!

The Laugh Club has been started at 4 West 16th Street, its editorial committee being *Richard Butler Glaenzer,* Chairman, *Wilfred J. Funk, Don Marquis,* and *Robert M. McBride.* They prescribe a tonic for you—in the way of a humorous book—six times a year. Better join! Their Spring selection is "Humor by Vote," compiled by *Hewitt H. Howland.*

THE PHŒNICIAN.

"I grope in vain for some last, emphatic sentence that may convey to you something of the beauty of this book, and can only end by urging you, if you like romance, excitement, good writing and a setting that is strange and fresh, if characterization and thrilling action please you, to read this novel of dramatic narrative and rare charm."
— *C. N. G., Chattanooga Times*

PAGEANT

By G. B. LANCASTER

THIRD LARGE PRINTING

CENTURY ~ $2.50 ~ *A Literary Guild Selection*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED